

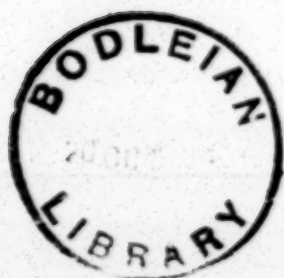
THE
S E A S O N S.

BY
JAMES THOMSON.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,
A N O D E,

ON THE DEATH OF
M R. T H O M S O N.
BY MR. COLLINS.

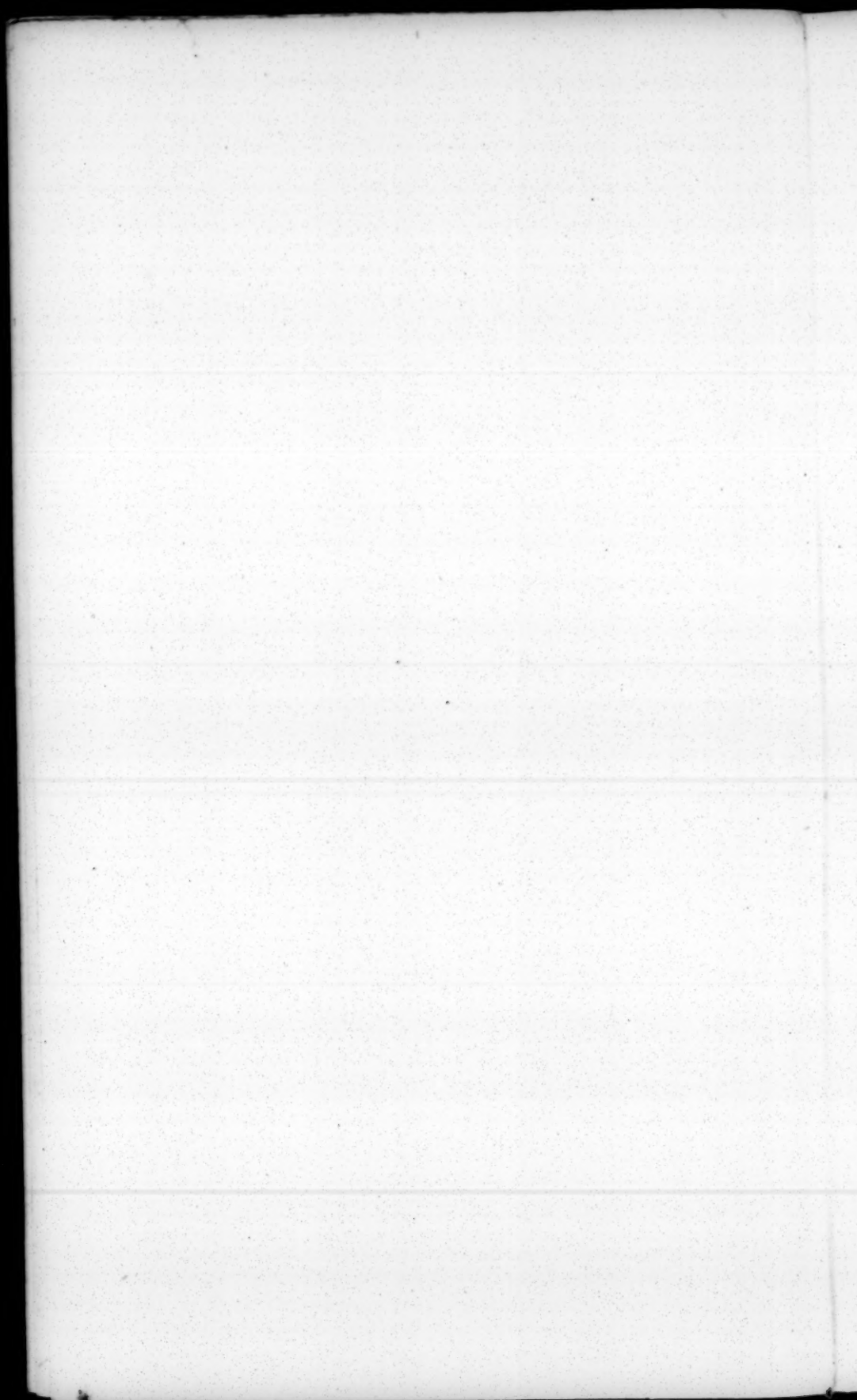
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AN
A C C O U N T
OF THE
L I F E A N D W R I T I N G S
OF
MR JAMES THOMSON.

MR Thomson was born at Ednam, in the shire of Roxburgh, on the 11th of September, in the year 1700. His father was minister of that place; a man little known beyond the narrow circle of his co-presbyters, and to a few gentlemen in the neighbourhood; but justly respected by them for his piety, and his diligence in the pastoral duty. His mother, whose maiden name was Hume, was co-heiress of a small estate in that country; a person of uncommon natural endowments; possessed of every social and domestic virtue; with an imagination, for vivacity and warmth, scarce inferior to her son's, and which raised her devotional exercises to a pitch bordering on enthusiasm.

Our author received the rudiments of his education at a private school in the town of Jedburgh;

and, in the early part of his life, so far from appearing to possess a sprightly genius, he was considered by his schoolmaster, and those who directed his education, as being without even a common share of parts.

BUT his merit did not long lie concealed. The Reverend Mr Riccarton, minister of Hobkirk, in the same presbytery, a man of uncommon penetration and good taste, very soon discovered, through the rudeness of young Thomson's puerile Essays, a fund of genius well deserving culture and encouragement. He undertook therefore, with the father's approbation, the chief direction of his studies, furnished him with the proper books, and corrected his performances.

IT is not to be doubted but our young poet greatly improved while under the care of Mr. Riccarton, who, as he was a philosophic man, inspired his mind with a love for the sciences. Nor were the reverend gentleman's endeavours in vain; for Mr Thomson has shewn in his works how well he was acquainted with natural and moral philosophy; a circumstance, which, perhaps, is owing to the early impressions he received from Mr Riccarton.

SIR William Bennet, likewise, well known for his gay humour and ready poetical wit, was highly delighted with Mr Thomson, and used to invite him to pass the summer-vacation at his country-seat; A scene of life which our author always remembered with particular pleasure. But what he wrote during that time, either to entertain Sir William and Mr Riccarton, or for his own amuse-

ment, he destroyed every new-year's-day ; committing his little pieces to the flames, in their due order ; and crowning the solemnity with a copy of verses, in which were humourously recited the several grounds of their condemnation,

AFTER spending the usual time at school in the acquisition of the dead languages, Mr Thomson was removed to the university of Edinburgh. Here, as at the country school, he made no great figure ; his companions thought contemptuously of him ; and the masters, under whom he studied, had not a higher opinion of our poet's abilities than their pupils.

IN the second year after his admission, his studies were for some time interrupted by the death of his father ; who was carried off so suddenly, that it was not possible for Mr Thomson, with all the diligence he could use, to receive his last blessing. This affected him to an uncommon degree ; and his relations still remember some extraordinary instances of his grief and filial duty on that occasion.

MRS Thomson, burdened as she was with a family of nine children, did not however sink under this misfortune. She consulted with her friend, the Reverend Mr Guthart, what was most proper for her to do in her particular situation. This reverend gentleman, one of the ministers of Edinburgh, and senior of the Chapel Royal, was always extremely serviceable to her in the management of her little affairs. By his advice, having mortgaged her moiety of the farm of which she was co-heiress, she repaired with her family to Edin-

burgh, where she lived in a decent and frugal manner, while her favourite son was attending his academical course,

AFTER having gone through the several classes of philosophy, Mr Thomson was entered in the divinity-hall, as one of the candidates for the ministry; where the students, before they are admitted to probationary trials, must give six years attendance. The divinity chair was then filled by the Reverend and learned Mr Hamilton; a gentleman universally respected and beloved; and who had particularly endeared himself to the young divines under his care, by his kind offices, his candour, and affability. Our author had attended his lectures about a year, when there was prescribed to him, for the subject of an exercise, a psalm, in which the power and majesty of God are celebrated. Of this psalm he gave a paraphrase and illustration, as the nature of the exercise required; but in a stile so highly poetical as surprised the whole audience. Some of his fellow-students, envying him the success of this discourse, and the admiration it procured him, employed their industry to trace him as a plagiarist; for they could not be persuaded, that a youth, seemingly so much removed from the appearance of genius, could compose a declamation, in which learning, genius, and judgment had a very great share. Their search however proved fruitless; and Mr Thomson continued, while he remained at the university, to possess the honour of that discourse, without any diminution. Mr Hamilton acted a more noble and friendly part; As his custom was, he complimented the orator upon his performance, and pointed out to the students the

most striking parts of it ; but at last, turning to Mr Thomson, he told him, smiling, that if he thought of being useful in the ministry, he must keep a stricter rein upon his imagination, and express himself in language more intelligible to an ordinary congregation.

THIS gave Mr Thomson to understand, that his expectations from the study of theology might be very precarious, even though the church had been more his free choice than probably it was ; but perhaps he might still have pursued a clerical profession, had not the following accident opened up more extensive views.

ABOUT this time Mr Thomson had wrote a paraphrase on the 104th psalm, which, after it had received the approbation of Mr Riccarton, he permitted his friends to copy. By some means or other this paraphrase fell into the hands of Mr Auditor Benson, who, expressing his admiration of it, said, that he doubted not if the author was in London, but he would meet with encouragement equal to his merit. This observation of Benson's was communicated to Thomson by a letter, probably from a lady of quality, a friend of his mother's then in London ; and, no doubt, had its natural influence in inflaming his heart, and hastening his journey to the metropolis.

OUR author went first to Newcastle by land, where he took shipping, and landed at Billingsgate. When he arrived, it was his immediate care to wait on Mr Mallet, who then lived in Hanover-square, in the character of private tutor to his Grace the Duke of Montrose, and his brother the

Lord George Graham, so well known afterwards as an able and gallant sea officer. With this gentleman, though much his junior, our author had contracted an early intimacy when at school, which improved with their years; nor was it ever disturbed by any casual mistake, envy, or jealousy on either side; a proof that two writers of merit may agree, in spite of the common observation to the contrary.—Before Mr Thomson reached Hanover-square, an accident happened to him, which, as it may divert some of our Readers, we shall here insert.

WHEN our author left Scotland, he had received letters of recommendation from a gentleman of rank there, to some persons of distinction in London, which he had carefully tied up in his pocket-handkerchief. As he sauntered along the streets, he could not withhold his admiration of the magnitude, opulence, and various objects this great metropolis continually presented to his view. These must naturally have diverted the imagination of a man of less reflection; and it is not greatly to be wondered at, if Mr Thomson's mind was so engrossed by these new presented scenes, as to be absent to the busy crowds around him. He often stopped to gratify his curiosity, the consequence of which he afterwards experienced. With an honest simplicity of heart, unsuspecting, as unknowing of guilt, he was ten times longer in reaching Hanover-square, than one less sensible and curious would have been. When he arrived, he found he had paid for his curiosity; his pocket was picked of his handkerchief, and all the letters that were wrapt up in it. This accident would have proved very mortifying to a man less philosophi-

cal than Mr Thomson; but he was of a temper never to be agitated; he then smiled at it, and frequently made his companions laugh at the relation.

MR Thomson, upon his coming to London, was likewise very kindly received by Mr Forbes, afterwards Lord President of the Session, then attending the service of parliament; who, having seen a specimen of his poetry in Scotland, was highly delighted with our author's genius, and recommended him to some of his friends; particularly to Mr Aikman, who lived in great intimacy with many persons of distinguished rank and worth. This gentleman, from a connoisseur in painting, was become a professed painter; and his taste being no less just and delicate in the kindred art of descriptive poetry, than in his own, no wonder that he soon conceived a friendship for our author. With what a warm return he met with, and how Mr Thomson was affected by his friend's premature death, appears in the copy of verses which he wrote on that occasion.

IN the mean time, our author's reception, wherever he was introduced, emboldened him to risk the publication of his Winter; in which, as himself was a novice in such matters, he was kindly assisted by Mr Mallet. This poem, the first finished of all the seasons, and the first performance he published, was originally wrote in detached pieces, or occasional descriptions. It was by the advice of Mr Mallet they were made into one connected piece; and it was by the farther advice, and at the earnest request of this gentleman, he wrote the other three seasons.

THE approbation the poem of *Winter* might meet with from some of our author's friends, was not, however, a sufficient recommendation to introduce it to the world. He had the mortification of offering it to several booksellers without success, who perhaps, not being themselves qualified to judge of the merit of the performance, refused to risk the necessary expences on the work of an obscure stranger, whose name could be no recommendation to it. These were severe repulses; but, at last, the difficulty was surmounted. Mr Mallet offered it to Mr Millar, afterwards bookseller in the Strand, who, without making any scruples, readily printed it. For some time Mr Millar had reason to believe that he should be a loser by his frankness; for the impression lay like waste paper on his hands, few copies being sold, till by accident its merit was discovered. One Mr Whatley, a man of some taste in letters, but perfectly enthusiastic in the admiration of any thing which pleased him, happened to cast his eyes upon it; and, finding something which delighted him, perused the whole, not without growing astonishment, that the poem should be unknown, and the author obscure. In the ecstasy of his admiration, he went from coffee-house to coffee-house, pointing out its beauties, and calling upon all men of taste, to exert themselves in rescuing from obscurity one of the greatest geniusses that ever appeared. This had a very happy effect; for, in a short time, the impression was bought up. Nor had these who read the poem any reason to complain of Mr Whatley's exaggeration; for they found it so completely beautiful, that they could not but think themselves happy, in doing justice to a man of so much merit. Such

heretofore was the fate of the great Milton, whose works were only found in the libraries of the curious or judicious few, till Addison's remarks spread a taste for them; and, at length, it became unfashionable not to have read them.

As soon as the poem of Winter was published, Mr Thomson sent a copy of it as a present to Mr Joseph Mitchell, his countryman, and brother-poet, who, not liking many parts of it, inclosed to him the following couplet:

Beauties and faults so thick lie scattered here,
'T hose I could read, if these were not so near.

To which Mr Thomson answered extempore:

Why all not faults? injurious Mitchell, why
Appears one beauty to thy blasted eye?
Damnation worse than thine, if worse can be,
Is all I ask, and all I want from thee.

UPON a friend's remonstrating to Mr Thomson, that the expression of blasted eye, would look like a personal reflection, as Mr Mitchell had really that misfortune, he changed the epithet blasted into blasting.—But to return:

THE poem of Winter is, perhaps, the most finished, as well as most picturesque, of any of the four seasons: The scenes are grand and lively; it is in that season that the creation appears in distress, and nature assumes a melancholy air, and an imagination so poetical as Mr Thomson's, was admirably fitted to paint those vapours, and storms, and clouds, the very description of which fill the

soul with solemn dread. It is told of Mr Riccarton, that when he first saw this poem, which was in a bookseller's shop in Edinburgh, he stood amazed ; and, after he had read the sublime introductory lines, he dropt the poem from his hand, in an ecstacy of admiration. Mr Thomson's digressions too, the overflowings of a tender benevolent heart, charm the reader no less ; leaving him in doubt, whether he should more admire the poet, or love the man.

FROM this time Mr Thomson's acquaintance was courted by all men of taste ; and several ladies of high rank and distinction became his declared patronesses ; among which were the Countess of Hartford, Miss Drelincourt, afterwards Viscountess Primrose, Mrs Stanley, and others. But the chief happiness which his Winter procured him, was, that it brought him acquainted with Dr Rundle, afterwards Lord Bishop of Derry ; who, upon conversing with our author, and finding in him greater qualities still, and of more value, than those of a poet, received him into his intimate confidence and friendship ; promoted his character every where ; introduced him to his great friend Lord Chancellor Talbot ; and some years after, when the eldest son of that nobleman was to make the tour of Europe, recommended Mr Thomson as a proper companion for him. His affection and gratitude to Dr Rundle, and his indignation at the treatment that worthy prelate had met with, are finely expressed in his poem to the memory of Lord Talbot. The true cause of that undeserved treatment has been secreted from the public, as well as the dark *manœuvres* that

were employed: But our author, who had the best information, places it to the account of

——Slandrous zeal, and politics infirm,
Jealous of worth——

THE poem of Winter meeting with such general applause, Mr Thomson was induced to write the other three Seasons, which he finished with equal success. Summer made its first appearance in the year 1727: Spring, in the beginning of the following year; and Autumn, in a quarto edition of his works, in 1730. In that edition, the Seasons are placed in their natural order; and crowned with that inimitable hymn, in which we view them in their beautiful succession, as one whole, the immediate effect of infinite power and goodness.

SUMMER has many manly and striking beauties: In particular, the Hymn to the Sun, in which some hints are taken from Mr Cowley's Hymn to Light, is one of the sublimest and most masterly efforts of genius we have ever seen.—The introduction to Spring is very poetical; and the descriptions in this poem are mild, like the season they paint.—Autumn seems to be the most unfinished of the four seasons. It is not, however, without its beauties; of which many have considered the story of Lavinia, naturally and artfully introduced, as the most affecting. The story is in itself moving and tender; and it is, perhaps, no diminution to this beautiful tale, that the hint of it is taken from the book of Ruth, in the Old Testament.

As we would not willingly pass over any thing concerning our author, we beg leave to relate the following anecdote, though omitted by Mr Cibber and Mr Murdoch.

WHEN Mr Thomson first came to London, he was in very narrow circumstances ; and, before he was distinguished by his writings, was many times put to his shifts even for a dinner. The debts he then contracted lay very heavy upon him for a long time afterwards ; and upon the publication of the Seasons one of his creditors arrested him, thinking that a proper opportunity to get his money. The report of this misfortune happened to reach the ears of Mr Quin, who had indeed read the Seasons, but had never seen their author ; and, upon stricter inquiry, he was told, that Mr Thomson was in the bailiff's hands, at a spunging-house in Holborn. Thither Quin went ; and being admitted into his chamber, " Sir," said he, in his usual tone of voice, " You don't know me, I believe ; but my name is Quin." Mr Thomson received him very politely, and said, that though he could not boast of the honour of a personal acquaintance, he was no stranger either to his name or his merit ; and very obligingly invited him to sit down. Quin then told him he was come to sup with him ; and that he had already ordered the cook to provide supper, which he hoped he would excuse. Mr Thomson made the proper reply ; and then the discourse turned indifferently upon subjects of literature. When the supper was over, and the glass had gone briskly about, Mr Quin then took occasion to explain himself, by saying, it was now time to enter upon business. Mr Thomson declared, he was ready to serve him

as far as his capacity would reach in any thing he should command, (thinking he was come about some affair relating to the drama). "Sir," says Mr Quin, "you mistake my meaning; I owe you an hundred pounds, and I am come to pay you." Mr Thomson, with a disconsolate air, replied, That as he was a gentleman whom, to his knowledge, he had never offended, he wondered he should seek an opportunity to reproach him under his misfortunes. "No, by G—d," said Quin, raising his voice, "I'll be damned before I would do that. I say, I owe you an hundred pounds; and there it is," (laying a bank note of that value before him). Mr Thomson was astonished, and begged he would explain himself. "Why," says Quin, I will tell you: Soon after I had read your Seasons, I took it into my head, that, as I had something in the world to leave behind me when I died, I would make my will; and, among the rest of my legatees, I set down the author of the Seasons an hundred pounds: And this day hearing that you was in this house, I thought I might as well have the pleasure of paying the money myself, as to order my executors to pay it; when perhaps you might have less need of it; And this, Mr Thomson, is the business I came about." It is needless to express Mr Thomson's grateful acknowledgments; we shall leave every reader to conceive them.

IN the year 1727, Mr Thomson published his poem to the memory of Sir Isaac Newton, then lately deceased; containing a deserved encomium on that incomparable man, with an account of his chief discoveries. This poem is sublimely poetical; and yet so just, that an ingenious foreigner,

the Count Algarotti, takes a line of it for the text of his philosophical dialogues: This was in part owing to the assistance he had of his friend Mr Gray, a gentleman well versed in the Newtonian philosophy, who, on that occasion, gave him a very exact, though general, abstract of its principles.

AT this time the resentment of our merchants against the Spaniards, for interrupting their trade in America, running very high, our author zealously took part in it; and wrote his *Britannia*, to rouse the nation to revenge. Although this poem may be the less read that its subject was but accidental and temporary, the spirited generous sentiments that enrich it can never be out of season: They will at least remain a monument of that love of his country, that devotion to the public, which he is ever inculcating as the perfection of virtue, and which none ever felt more pure or more intense than himself.

OUR author's poetical studies were now to be interrupted, or rather improved, by his attendance on the honourable Mr Charles Talbot on his travels. With this accomplished young nobleman, Mr Thomson visited most of the courts and capital cities of Europe; and having staid abroad about three years, returned with his views greatly enlarged; not of exterior nature only, and the works of art; but of human life and manners their connections, and their religious institutions. How particular and judicious his observations were we see in his poem of *Liberty*, begun soon after his return to England. We see at the same time, to what a high pitch the love of his country was

raised, by the comparisons he had all along been making of our happy well poised government with those of other nations. To inspire his fellow subjects with the like sentiments; and to shew them by what means the precious freedom we enjoy may be preserved, and how it may be abused or lost; he employed two years of his life in composing that noble work; upon which, conscious of the importance and dignity of the subject, he valued himself more than upon all his other writings.

WHILE Mr Thomson was writing the first part of this poem, he received a most severe shock, by the death of his noble friend and fellow-traveller, in the year 1734; which was soon followed by another, that was severer still, and of more general concern, the death of Lord Talbot himself; which Mr Thomson so pathetically laments in the poem dedicated to his memory.

By this event Mr Thomson found himself, from an easy competency, reduced to a state of precarious dependence, in which he passed the remainder of his life; excepting only the two last years of it, during which he enjoyed the place of Surveyor-General of the Leeward-Islands, procured for him by the generous friendship of my Lord Lyttleton.

IMMEDIATELY upon his return to England with Mr Charles Talbot, the Chancellor, in recompence of the care he had taken in forming the mind of his son, made him his secretary of briefs; a place requiring little attendance, suiting his retired indolent way of life, and equal to all

his wants. This place fell with his patron ; and although the noble Lord who succeeded the Lord Talbot in office, kept it vacant for some time, always expecting when Mr Thomson should apply for it, he was so dispirited, and so listless to every concern of that kind, that he never took one step in the affair. By this unaccountable indolence, the place which he might have enjoyed with so little trouble, was bestowed upon another.

YET could not his genius be depressed, or his temper hurt, by this reverse of fortune. He resumed with time, his usual cheerfulness ; nor did he abate one article in his way of living, which, though simple, was genial and elegant. Mr Millar was always at hand to answer, or even to prevent his demands ; and he had a friend or two besides, whose hearts, he knew, were not contracted by the ample fortunes they had acquired, who would of themselves interpose if they saw any occasion for it.

BUT his chief dependence, during this long interval, was on the protection and bounty of his Royal Highness Frederick Prince of Wales ; who, upon the recommendation of Lord Lyttleton, then his chief favourite, settled on him a handsome allowance. A circumstance, which does equal honour to the patron and poet, ought not here to be omitted ; that my Lord Lyttleton's recommendation came altogether unsolicited, and long before Mr Thomson was personally known to him.

AMONG the latest of Mr Thomson's productions is his *Castle of Indolence*. It was, at first, little more than a few detached stanzas, in the

way of raillery on himself, and on some of his friends, who would reproach him with indolence; while he thought them, at least, as indolent as himself. But he saw very soon, that the subject deserved to be treated more seriously, and in a form fit to convey one of the most important moral lessons. It is written in imitation of Spenser's style; and the obsolete words with the simplicity of diction in some of the lines, sometimes bordering on the ludicrous, were thought necessary to make the imitation more perfect.

WE shall now consider Mr Thomson as a dramatic writer.

IN the year 1729, about five years after he had been in London, he brought upon the stage his tragedy of *Sophonisba*, built upon the Carthaginian history of that princess; upon which the famous Nathaniel Lee has likewise written a tragedy. This play met with a very favourable reception from the public. We must not here omit two anecdotes which happened the first night of the representation.

Mr Thomson it seems made one of his characters address *Sophonisba* in the following words:

O! *Sophonisba*, *Sophonisba* Oh!

Upon which a smart from the pit immediately cried out,

Oh! *Jamie Thomson*, *Jamie Thomson* Oh!

However ill-natured this critic might be, in interrupting the action of the play, for the sake of a

joke ; yet it is certain, that the line ridiculed does partake of the false pathetic, and should be a warning to tragic poets to guard against the swelling style ; for, by aiming at the sublime, they are often betrayed into the bombast. This line, however, has been since changed by our author for one less exceptionable.

As Mr Thomson could not but feel all the emotions and solitudes of a young author the first night of this play, he wanted to place himself in some obscure part of the house, where he might see the representation to the best advantage, without being known as the poet. He accordingly seated himself in the upper gallery. But such was the power of nature in him, that he could not help repeating the parts along with the players ; and would sometimes whisper to himself, " Now such a scene is to open ;" by which he was soon discovered to be the author, by some gentlemen, who could not, on account of the great crowd, be situated in any other part of the house.

AFTER an interval of about nine years, Mr Thomson exhibited to the public his second tragedy, called *Agamemnon*. Mr Pope acted a very friendly part to Mr Thomson on this occasion : He not only wrote two letters in its favour to the managers, but honoured the representation on the first night with his presence ; which, as he had not been for some time at a play was considered as a very great instance of esteem. The profits arising from this play were very considerable ; and offered him a very seasonable supply after the death of Lord Talbot, and was still out of place.

IN the year 1739, Mr Thomson offered to the stage his tragedy of Edward and Eleonora; but, for political reasons, it was forbid to be acted. The favour of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, was, in this one instance, of some prejudice to our author. For though this play contains not a line which could justly give offence; yet the ministry, still sore from certain pasquinades, which had lately produced the stage act; and as little satisfied with that Prince's political conduct, as he was with their management of the public affairs; would not risk the representation of a piece written under his eye; and, they might probably think, by his command.

THIS refusal drew after it another; and in a way which, as it is related, was rather ludicrous. Mr Paterfon, a companion of Mr Thomson, afterwards his deputy, and then his successor in the general surveyorship, used to write out fair copies for his friend, when such were wanted for the preis or for the stage. This gentleman likewise courted the tragic muse; and had taken for his subject the story of Arminius the German hero. But this play, guiltless as it was, being presented for a licence, no sooner had the censor cast his eyes on the hand-writing, in which he had seen Edward and Eleonora, than he cried out, Away with it! and the author's profits were reduced to what his bookseller could afford for a tragedy in distress.

By the command of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, Mr Thomson, in conjunction with Mr Mallet, wrote the Masque of Alfred, for the entertainment of his Royal Highness's court

at his summer-residence. This piece, with some alterations, and the music new, has been since brought upon the stage by Mr Mallet, in the year 1751 ; but the edition we speak of is the original, as it was acted at Clifden gardens in the year 1740, on the birth-day of her Royal Highness the Princess Augusta.

MR Thomson's next dramatic performance, was, his *Tancred and Sigismunda*, acted with applause in the year 1745. The plot is borrowed from a story in the celebrated romance of *Gil Blas* ; The fable is very interesting ; the characters few, but active ; and the attention is never suffered to wander. This succeeded beyond any other of Mr Thomson's plays ; and, from the deep romantic dress of the lovers, still continues to draw crowded houses. The success of this piece was indeed insured from the first by Mr Garrick and Mrs Cibber, their appearing in the principal characters ; which they heightened and adorned with all the magic of their never-failing art.

THIS was the last play Mr Thomson himself published, his tragedy of *Coriolanus* being only prepared for the theatre, when a fatal accident robbed the world of one of the best men, and best poets, that ever lived in it.

HE had always been a timorous horseman ; and more so, in a road where numbers of giddy or unskilful riders were continually passing ; so that when the weather did not invite him to go by water, he would commonly walk the distance between London and Richmond with any acquaintance that offered ; with whom he might

chat, and rest himself, or perhaps, dine by the way. One summer evening, being alone, in his walk from town to Hammersmith, he had overheated himself, and, in that condition, imprudently took a boat to carry him to Kew; apprehending no bad consequence from the chill air on the river, which his walk to his house, at the upper end of Kewlane, had always hitherto prevented. But, now, the cold had so seized him, that next day he found himself in a high fever, so much the more to be dreaded that he was of a full habit. This however, by the use of proper medicines, was removed, so that he was thought to be out of danger; but the fine weather having tempted him once more to expose himself to the evening dews, his fever returned with violence, and with such symptoms as left no hopes of a cure. Two days had passed before his relapse was known in town; at last Mr Mitchell and Mr Reid, with Dr. Armstrong, being informed of it, posted out at midnight to his assistance; but, alas! came only to endure a sight of all others the most shocking to nature, the last agonies of their beloved friend. This lamented death happened on the 27th day of August, 1748.

His testamentary executors were, the Lord Lyttleton, whose care of our poet's fortune and fame ceased not with his life; and Mr Mitchell, a gentleman equally noted for the truth and constancy of his private friendships, and for his address and spirit as a public minister. By their united interest, the orphan play of *Coriolanus* was brought on the stage, to the best advantage. The profits arising from this play, and from the sale of manuscripts, and other effects, were more than

satisfied all demands; so that a very handsome sum was remitted to his sisters in Scotland. My Lord Lyttleton's prologue to this piece was admired as one of the best that had ever been written: The best spoken it certainly was. Mr Quin was the particular friend of Mr Thomson; and when he spoke the following lines, which are of themselves very tender, all the endearments of a long acquaintance rose at once to his imagination, while the tears gushed from his eyes.

He lov'd his friends, (forgive this gushing tear;
Alas! I feel I am no actor here :)
He lov'd his friends with such a warmth of heart,
So clear of interest, so devoid of art;
Such generous freedom, such unshaken zeal;
No words can speak it, but our tears may tell.

The beautiful break in these lines had a fine effect in speaking. Mr Quin here excelled himself; nor did he ever appear so great an actor, as at this instant when he declared himself none.

Mr Thomson's remains were deposited in the church of Richmond, under a plain stone, without any inscription. It was not till the year 1762, that the noble design was proposed, to erect for him a funeral monument in Westminster-Abbey. In order to defray the necessary expence of this undertaking, Mr A. Millar published by subscription a splendid edition of our author's works in 4to, the entire profits of which he cheerfully dedicated to this purpose: And it was further proposed, that any remaining sum, after paying all expences, should be remitted to his relations. This generous publication met with deserved en-

couragement. His present Majesty, her Royal Highness the Princess Dowager of Wales, his Royal Highness the Duke of York, and the principal nobility and gentry in Great Britain, appear among the list of subscribers. Nor must we omit taking notice, that Madam Bontems, a French lady, who has obliged the world with a translation of the Seasons into her own language, (a translation equally faithful and elegant), desired likewise to be a subscriber to this edition of Mr Thomson's works.—It was however unlucky, that by a well-intended, though ill-judged parsimony, the execution of this work was committed to an inferior artist, who erected a monument, not indeed destitute of merit, but from which neither our author, nor the Abbey, nor the present age, will derive any honour.

It is pretty strange, that, upon the death of Mr Thomson, his brother-poets did not at all exert themselves, as they had lately done for one who had been the terror of poets all his lifetime. This silence furnished matter for an excellent satirical epigram, which we are sorry we cannot give the reader. Only one gentleman, Mr Collins, who had lived some time at Richmond, but forsook it when Mr Thomson died, wrote an ode to his memory. This, for the dirge-like melancholy it breaths, and the warmth of affection that seems to have dictated it, we shall subjoin to the present account.

Our author himself hints somewhere in his works, that his exterior was not the most promising. His make was indeed rather robust than graceful;

though it is known, that, in his youth, he had been thought handsome. His worst appearance, was, when you saw him walking alone, in a thoughtful mood; but let a friend accost him, and enter into conversation, he would instantly brighten in a most amiable aspect, his features no longer the same, and his eye darting a peculiar animated fire. The case was much the same in company; where, if it was mixed, or very numerous, he made but an indifferent figure: But with a few select friends, he was open, sprightly, and entertaining. His wit flowed freely, but pertinently, and at due intervals, leaving room for every one to contribute his share. Such was his extreme sensibility, so perfect the harmony of his organs with the sentiments of his mind, that his looks always announced, and half expressed what he was about to say; and his voice corresponded exactly to the manner and degree in which he was affected. This sensibility had one inconvenience attending it, that it rendered him the very worst reader of good poetry. A sonnet, or a copy of tame verses, he could manage pretty well, or even improve them in the reading; but a passage of Virgil, Milton, or Shakespeare, would sometimes quite oppress him, that you could hear little else than some ill-articulated sounds, rising as from the bottom of his breast.

THE autumn was his favourite season for poetical composition, and the deep silence of the night the time he commonly chose for such studies; so that he would often be heard walking in his library till near morning, humming over, in his way, what he was to correct and write out next day.

THE amusements of his leisure hours were civil and natural history, voyages, and the relations of travellers, the most authentic he could procure; and had his situation favoured it, he would certainly have excelled in gardening, agriculture, and every rural improvement and exercise. Although he performed on no instrument, he was passionately fond of music, and would sometimes listen a full hour at his window to the nightingales in Richmond gardens. Nor was his taste less exquisite in the arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture. In his travels, he had seen all the most celebrated monuments of antiquity, and the best productions of modern art; and studied them so minutely, and with so true a judgment, that in some of his descriptions in the poem of Liberty, we have the master-pieces there mentioned, placed in a stronger light, perhaps, than if we saw them with our eyes. His collection of prints, and some drawings from the antique, came afterwards into the possession of his friend Mr Gray, of Richmond-hill.

As for his more distinguishing qualities of mind and heart, they are better represented in his writings than they can be by the pen of any biographer. There, his love of mankind, of his country and friends; his devotion to the Supreme Being, founded on the most elevated and just conceptions of his operations and providence, shine out in every page. His tenderness of heart was unbounded, extended even to the brute creation. He had a grateful soul, always ready to acknowledge a favour received; nor did he ever forget his old benefactors, notwithstanding a long absence, new acquaintance, or additional emi-

nence ; of which the following instance cannot be unacceptable to the Reader.

SOME time before Mr Thomson's fatal illness, a gentleman inquired for him at his house in Kewlane, near Richmond, where he then lived. This gentleman had been his acquaintance when very young, and proved to be Dr Gusthart, the son of the Reverend Mr Gusthart formerly mentioned, who had been Mr Thomson's patron in the early part of his life. The visitor sent not in his name ; but only intimated to the servant, that an old acquaintance desired to see Mr Thomson. Mr Thomson came forward to receive him ; and looking stedfastly at him (for they had not seen one another for many years), said, " Troth, Sir, I cannot say I ken your countenance well. Let me therefore crave your name." Which the gentleman no sooner mentioned, than the tears gushed from Mr Thomson's eyes. He could only reply " Good God ! are you the son of my dear friend, my old benefactor ?" and then, rushing to his arms, he tenderly embraced him, rejoicing at so unexpected a meeting.

SUCH was the heart of Mr Thomson, whose life was as inoffensive as his page was moral : For of all our poets, he is the farthest removed from whatever has even the appearance of indecency ; and, as my Lord Lyttleton happily expresses it in his prologue to *Coriolanus*,

—His chaste muse employ'd her heav'n taught
lyre

None but the noblest passions to inspire ;
Not one immoral one corrupted thought,
One line which dying he could wish to blot.

S P R I N G.

THE ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Inscribed to the Countess of Hartford. The Season is described as it affects the various parts of nature, ascending from the lower to the higher; and mixed with digressions arising from the subject. Its influence on inanimate matter, on vegetables, on brute animals, and last on man; concluding with a dissuasive from the wild and irregular passion of love, opposed to that of a pure and happy kind.

S P R I N G.

COME, gentle Spring, ethereal mildness, come,
And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,
While music wakes around, veil'd in a shower
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend.

O HARTFORD, fitted, or to shine in courts 5
With unaffected grace, or walk the plain
With innocence and meditation join'd
In soft assemblage, listen to my song,
Which thy own season paints; when Nature all
Is blooming and benevolent, like thee. 10

And see where surly Winter passes off,
Far to the north, and calls his ruffian blasts:
His blasts obey, and quit the howling hill,
The shatter'd forest, and the ravag'd vale;
While softer gales succeed, at whose kind touch, 15
Dissolving snows in livid torrents lost,
The mountains lift their green heads to the sky.

As yet the trembling year is unconfirm'd,
And Winter oft at night resumes the breeze,
Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving fleets 20
Deform the day delightful: So that scarce
The bittern knows his time, with bill ingulph'd
To shake the sounding marsh; or from the shore
The plovers when to scatter o'er the heath,
And sing their wild notes to the list'ning waste. 25

At last from Aries rolls the bounteous Sun,
 And the bright Bull receives him. Then no more
 Th' expansive atmosphere is cramp'd with cold ;
 But, full of life and vivifying soul,
 Lifts the light clouds sublime, and spreads them thin,
 Fleecy and white, o'er all-surrounding heaven. 31

FORTH fly the trepid airs ; and unconfin'd,
 Unbinding earth, the moving softness strays.
 Joyous, th' impatient husbandman perceives
 Relenting Nature, and his lusty steers 35
 Drives from their stalls, to where the well-us'd plough
 Lies in the furrow, loosen'd from the frost.
 There, unrefusing, to the harness'd yoke,
 They lend their shoulder, and begin their toil,
 Cheer'd by the simple song and soaring lark. 40
 Mean while incumbent o'er the shining share,
 The master leans, removes th' obstructing clay,
 Winds the whole work, and tidelong lays the glebe.

WHITE thro' the neighb'ring fields the sower stalks,
 With measur'd step ; and, lib'ral, throws the grain 45
 Into the faithful bosom of the ground :
 The harrow follows harsh, and shuts the scene.

Be gracious, Heaven ! for now laborious man
 Has done his part. Ye fostering breezes, blow !
 Ye soft'ning dews, ye tender showers, descend ! 50
 And temper all, thou world-reviving Sun,
 Into the perfect year ! Nor ye who live
 In luxury and ease, in pomp and pride,
 Think these lost themes unworthy of your ear ;
 Such themes as these the rural Maro sung 55
 To wide-imperial Rome, in the full height
 Of elegance and taste, by Greece refin'd.
 In ancient times, the sacred plough employ'd
 The kings, and awful fathers of mankind ;
 And some, with whom compar'd, your insect-tribes 60

Are but the beings of a summer's day,
Have held the scale of empire, rul'd the storm
Of mighty war ; then, with victorious hand,
Disdaining little delicacies, seiz'd
The plough, and greatly independant scorn'd 65
All the vile stores corruption can bestow.

YE gen'rous Britons, venerate the plough !
And o'er your hills, and long withdrawing vales,
Let Autumn spread his treasures to the sun,
Luxuriant, and unbounded ; as the sea, 70
Far thro' his azure turbulent domain,
Your empire owns, and from a thousand shores
Wafts all the pomp of life into your ports ;
So with superior boon may your rich soil,
Exuberant, Nature's better blessings pour 75
O'er every land, the naked nations clothe,
And be th' exhaustless gran'ry of a world !

NOR only thro' the lenient air this change,
Delicious, breathes ; the penetrative sun,
His force deep-darting to the dark retreat 80
Of vegetation, sets the streaming Power
At large, to wander o'er the vernant earth,
In various hues ; but chiefly thee, gay Green !
Thou smiling Nature's universal robe !
United light and shade ! where the light dwells 85
With growing strength, and ever-new delight.

FROM the moist meadow to the wither'd hill,
Led by the breeze, the vivid verdure runs,
And swells, and deepens, to the cherish'd eye.
The hawthorn whitens ; and the juicy groves 90
Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees,
Till the whole leafy forest stands display'd,
In full luxuriance to the sighing gales ;
Where the deer rustle thro' the twining brake,
And the birds sing conceal'd. At once, array'd 95
In all the colours of the flushing year,

By Nature's swift and secret-working hand,
 The garden glows, and fills the lib'ral air
 With lavish fragrance; while the promis'd fruit
 Lies yet a little embryo, unperceiv'd, 100
 Within its crimson folds. Now from the town,
 Bury'd in smoke, and sleep, and noisome damp,
 Oft let me wander o'er the dewy fields, [drops
 Where freshness breathes, and dash the trembling
 From the bent bush, as thro' the verdant maze 105
 Of sweet-briar hedges I pursue my walk;
 Or taste the smell of dairy; or ascend
 Some eminence, Augusta, in thy plains,
 And see the country, far diffus'd around,
 One boundless blush, one white empurpled shower 110
 Of mingled blossoms; where the raptur'd eye
 Hurries from joy to joy, and, hid beneath
 The fair profusion, yellow Autumn spies.

If, brush'd from Russian wilds, a cutting gale
 Rise not, and scatter from his humid wings 115
 The clammy mildew; or, dry blowing, breathe
 Untimely frost; before whose baleful blast
 The full-blown spring thro' all her foilage shrinks,
 Joyless and dead, a wide-dejected waste.
 For oft, engender'd by the hazy north, 120
 Myriads on myriads, insect armies wait
 Keen in the poison'd breeze; and wasteful eat,
 Thro' buds and bark; into the blackened core,
 Their eager way. A feeble race! yet oft
 The sacred sons of vengeance! on whose course 125
 Corrosive famine waits, and kills the year.
 To check this plague the skilful farmer chaff,
 And blazing straw, before his orchard burns;
 Till, all involv'd in smoke, the latent foe
 From every cranny suffocated falls; 130
 Or scatters o'er the blooms the pungent dust
 Of pepper, fatal to the frosty tribe:
 Or, when th' evenom'd leaf begins to curl,
 With sprinkled water drowns them in their nest;

Nor, while they pick them up with busy bill, 135
The little trooping birds unwisely scares.

BE patient, swains ; these cruel seeming-winds
Blow not in vain. Far hence they keep repress'd
Those deep'ning clouds on clouds, surcharg'd with rain,
That o'er the vast Atlantic hither borne, 140
In endless train, would quench the summer blaze,
And, cheerless, drown the crude unripen'd year.

THE north-east spends his rage ; and now shut up
Within his iron caves, th' effusive south
Warms the wide air, and o'er the void of heav'n 145
Breathes the big clouds with vernal showers distent.
At first a dusky wreath they seem to rise,
Scarce staining ether ; but by swift degrees,
In heaps on heaps, the doubling vapour sails
Along the loaded sky, and mingling deep, 150
Sits on th' horizon round a settled gloom :
Not such as wint'ry storms on mortals shed,
Oppressing life ; but lovely, gentle, kind,
And full of ev'ry hope and every joy,
The wish of Nature. Gradual sinks the breeze 155
Into a perfect calm ; that not a breath
Is heard to quiver thro' the closing woods,
Or rustling turn the many twinkling leaves
Of aspen tall. Th' uncurling floods, diffus'd
In glassy breadth, seem thro' delusive lapse 160
Forgetful of their course. 'Tis silence all,
And pleasing expectation. Herds and flocks
Drop the dry sprig, and, mute-imploring, eye
The falling verdure. Hush'd in short suspense,
The plummy people streak their wings with oil, 165
To throw the lucid moisture trickling off ;
And wait th' approaching sign to strike, at once,
Into th' general choir. Even mountains, vales,
And forests, seem impatient to demand
The promis'd sweetness. Man superior walks 170

Amid the glad creation, musing praise,
 And looking lively gratitude. At last,
 The clouds consign their treasures to the fields;
 And, softly shaking on the dimply pool
 Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow, 175
 In large effusion, o'er the freshen'd world.
 The stealing shower is scarce to patter heard,
 By such as wander thro' the forest-walks,
 Beneath th' umbrageous multitude of leaves.
 But who can hold the shade, while heav'n descends
 In universal bounty, shedding herbs, 181
 And fruits, and flowers, on Nature's ample lap?
 Swift fancy fir'd anticipates their growth;
 And, while the milky nutriment distills,
 Beholds the kindling country colour round. 185

Thus all day long the full-distended clouds
 Indulge their genial stores, and well-shower'd earth
 Is deep enrich'd with vegetable life;
 Till, in the western sky, the downward sun
 Looks out, effulgent, from amid the flush 190
 Of broken clouds, gay-shifting to his beam.
 The rapid radiance instantaneous strikes
 Th' illumin'd mountain, thro' the forest streams,
 Shakes on the floods, and in a yellow mist,
 Far smoking o'er th' interminable plain, 195
 In twinkling myriads lights the dewy gems.
 Moist, bright, and green, the landscape laughs around.
 Full swell the woods; their every music wakes,
 Mix'd in wild concert with the warbling brooks
 Increas'd, the distant bleatings of the hills, 200
 The hollow lows responsive from the vales,
 Whence blending all the sweeten'd zephyr springs.
 Mean time refracted from yon eastern cloud,
 Bestriding earth, the grand ethereal bow
 Shoots up immense; and every hue unfolds, 205
 In fair proportion running from the red,
 To where the violet fades into the sky.

Here, mighty Newton, the dissolving clouds
 Form, as they scatter round, thy showery prism;
 And to the sage-instructed eye unfold 210
 The various twine of light, by thee disclos'd
 From the white mingling maze. Not so the boy;
 He wond'ring views the bright enchantment bend,
 Delightful, o'er the radiant fields, and runs
 To catch the falling glory; but amaz'd 215
 Beholds th' amusive arch before him fly,
 Then vanish quite away. Still night succeeds,
 A soft'ned shade, and saturated earth
 Awaits the morning beam, to give to light,
 Rais'd thro' ten thousand different plastic tubes, 220
 The balmy treasures of the former day.

THEN spring the lively herbs, profusely wild,
 O'er all the deep green earth, beyond the power
 Of botanist to number up their tribes:
 Whether he steals along the lonely dale, 225
 In silent search; or thro' the forest, rank
 With what the dull incurious weeds account,
 Bursts his blind way; or climbs the mountain-rock,
 Fir'd by the nodding verdure of its brow.
 With such a lib'ral hand has Nature flung 230
 Their seeds abroad, blown them about in winds,
 Innum'rous mix'd them with the nursing mold,
 The moist'ning current, and prolific rain.

BUT who their virtues can declare? who pierce,
 With vision pure, into these secret stores 235
 Of health, and life, and joy? the food of man,
 While yet he liv'd in innocence, and told
 A length of golden years; unflish'd in blood,
 A stranger to the savage arts of life,
 Death, rapine, carnage, surfeit, and disease; 240
 The lord, and not the tyrant of the world.

THE first fresh dawn then wak'd the gladden'd race
 Of uncorrupted man, nor blush'd to see
 The sluggard sleep beneath its sacred beam :
 For their light slumbers gently fum'd away ; 245
 And up they rose as vigorous as the sun,
 Or to the culture of the willing glebe,
 Or to the cheerful tendance of the flock.
 Mean time the song went round ; and dance and sport,
 Wisdom and friendly talk, successive, stole 250
 Their hours away ; while in the rosy vale
 Love breath'd his infant sighs, from anguish free,
 And full replete with bliss ; save the sweet plain,
 That, inly thrilling, but exalts it more.
 Nor yet injurious act, nor surly deed, 255
 Was known among those happy sons of Heaven ;
 For reason and benevolence were law.
 Harmonious Nature too look'd smiling on.
 Clear shone the skies, cool'd with eternal gales,
 And balmy spirit all. The youthful sun 260
 Shot his best rays, and still the gracious clouds
 Drop'd fatness down, as o'er the swelling mead,
 The herds and flocks, commixing, play'd secure.
 This when, emergent from the gloomy wood,
 The glaring lion saw, his horrid heart 265
 Was meeken'd, and he join'd his fullen joy.
 For music held the whole in perfect peace :
 Soft sigh'd the flute ; the tender voice was heard,
 Warbling the vary'd heart ; the woodlands round
 Apply'd their quire ; and winds and waters flow'd
 In consonance. Such were those prime of days. 271

BUT now those white unblemish'd manners, whence
 The fabling poets took their golden age,
 Are found no more amid these iron times,
 These dregs of life ! Now the distemper'd mind 275
 Has lost that concord of harmonious pow'rs,
 Which forms the soul of happiness, and all
 Is off the poise within ; the passions all

Have burst their bounds ; and reason half extinct,
 Or impotent, or else approving, sees 280
 The foul disorder. Senseless, and deform'd,
 Convulsive anger storms at large ; or pale,
 And silent, settles into fell revenge.
 Base envy withers at another's joy,
 And hates that excellence it cannot reach. 285
 Desponding fear, of feeble fancies full,
 Weak and unmanly, loosens every pow'r,
 Even love itself is bitterness of soul,
 A pensive anguish pining at the heart ;
 Or, sunk to fordid int'rest, feels no more 290
 That noble wish that never-cloy'd desire,
 Which, selfish joy disdaining, seeks alone
 To bless the dearer object of its flame.
 Hope sickens ; with extravagance and grief,
 Of life impatient, into madness swells ; 295
 Or in dead silence wastes the weeping hours.
 These, and a thousand mix'd emotions more,
 From everchanging views of good and ill,
 Form'd infinitely various, vex the mind
 With endless storm ; whence, deeply rankling, grows
 The partial thought, a listless unconcern, 301
 Cold and averting from our neighbour's good ;
 Then dark disgust, and hatred, winding wiles,
 Coward deceit, and ruffian violence :
 At last, extinct each social feeling, fell 305
 And joyless inhumanity pervades
 And petrifies the heart. Nature disturb'd
 Is deem'd, vindictive, to have chang'd her course.

HENCE, in old dusky time a deluge came :
 When the deep-clift departing orb, that arch'd 310
 The central waters round, impetuous rush'd,
 With universal burst, into the gulph,
 And o'er the high pil'd hills of fractur'd earth
 Wide dash'd the waves, in undulation vast :

Till, from the centre to the streaming clouds, 315
A shoreless ocean tumbled round the globe.

THE Seasons since, have, with severer sway,
Oppress'd a broken world : The Winter keen
Shook forth his waste of snows ; and Summer shot
His pestilential heats. Great Spring, before, 320
Green'd all the year ; and fruits and blossoms blush'd,
In social sweetness, on the self-same bough.
Pure was the temp'rate air ; and even calm
Perpetual reign'd, save what the zephyrs bland
Breath'd o'er the blue expanse ; for then nor storms
Were taught to blow, nor hurricanes to rage ; 326
Sound slept the waters ; no sulphureous glooms
Swell'd in the sky, and sent the lightning forth ;
While sickly damps, and cold autumnal fogs,
Hung not, relaxing on the springs of life. 330
But now, of turbid elements the sport,
From clear to cloudy toss'd from hot to cold,
And dry to moist, with inward eating change,
Our drooping days are dwindled down to nought,
Their period finish'd ere 'tis well begun. 335

AND yet the wholesome herb neglected dies ;
Tho' with the pure exhilarating soul
Of nutriment and health, and vital powers,
Beyond the search of art, 'tis copious bless'd.
For, with hot ravine fir'd, ensanguine man 340
Is now become the lion of the plain,
And worse. The wolf, who from the nightly fold
Fierce drags the bleating prey, ne'er drunk her milk,
Nor wore her warming fleece ; nor has the steer,
At whose strong chest the deadly tyger hangs, 345
E'er plough'd for them. They too are temper'd high,
With hunger stung and wild necessity,
Nor lodges pity in their shaggy breast.
But Man, whom Nature form'd of milder clay,
With every kind emotion in his heart, 350

And taught alone to weep; while from her lap
 She pours ten thousand delicacies, herbs,
 And fruits, as num'rous as the drops of rain,
 Or beams that give them birth: Shall he, fair form!
 Who wears sweet smiles, and looks erect to heaven,
 E'er stoop to mingle with the prowling herd, 356
 And dip his tongue in gore? The beast of prey,
 Blood-stain'd, deserves to bleed: But you, ye flocks,
 What have you done; ye peaceful people, what,
 To merit death? you, who have giv'n us milk 360
 In luscious streams, and lent us your own coat
 Against the winter's cold? And the plain ox,
 That harmless, honest, guiltless animal,
 In what has he offended? he, whose toil,
 Patient and ever ready, clothes the land 364
 With all the pomp of harvest; shall he bleed,
 And struggling groan beneath the cruel hands
 Even of the clowns he feeds? and that, perhaps,
 To swell the riot of th' autumnal feast,
 Won by his labour? Thus the feeling heart 370
 Would tenderly suggest; but 'tis enough,
 In this late age, adven'trous to have touch'd
 Light on the numbers of the Samian sage.
 High Heaven forbids the bold presumptuous strain,
 Whose wisest will has fix'd us in a state 375
 That must not yet to pure perfection rise.
 Besides, who knows, how rais'd to higher life,
 From stage to stage, the vital scale ascends?

Now when the first foul torrent of the brooks,
 Swell'd with the vernal rains, is ebb'd away; 380
 And, whit'ning, down their mossy tinctur'd stream
 Descends the billowy foam; now is the time,
 While yet the dark-brown water aids the guile;
 To tempt the trout. The well-dissembled fly,
 The rod fine tap'ring with elastic spring, 385
 Snatch'd from the hoary steed the floating line,
 And all thy slender wat'ry stores prepare.

But let not on thy hook the tortur'd worm,
 Convulsive, twist in agonizing folds ;
 Which, by rapacious hunger swallow'd deep, 390
 Gives, as you tear it from the bleeding breast
 Of the weak helpless uncomplaining wretch,
 Harsh pain and horror to the tender hand.

WHEN with his lively ray the potent sun
 Has pierc'd the streams, and rous'd the sinny race, 395
 Then, issuing cheerful, to thy sport repair ;
 Chief should the western breezes curling play,
 And light o'er æther bear the shady clouds,
 High to their fount, this day, amid the hills,
 And woodlands warbling round, trace up the brooks ;
 The next, pursue their rocky-channell'd maze, 401
 Down to the river, in whose ample wave
 Their little naiads love to sport at large.
 Just in the dubious point, where with the pool
 Is mix'd the trembling stream, or where it boils 405
 Around the stone, or from the hollow'd bank
 Reverted, plays in undulating flow,
 There throw nice judging, the delusive fly ;
 And, as you lead it round in artful curve,
 With eye attentive mark the springing game. 410
 Strait as above the surface of the flood
 They wanton rise, or urg'd by hunger leap,
 Then fix, with gentle twitch, the barbed hook :
 Some lightly tossing to the grassy bank,
 And to the shelving shore slow-dragging some, 415
 With various hand proportion'd to their force.
 If yet too young and easily deceiv'd,
 A worthless prey scarce bends your pliant rod,
 Him, piteous of his youth and the short space
 He has enjoy'd the vital light of Heaven, 420
 Soft disengage, and back into the stream
 The speckled captive throw. But should you lure
 From his dark haunt, beneath the tangled roots
 Of pendant trees, the monarch of the brook,

Beloves you then to ply your finest art. 425-
 Long time he, following cautious, scans the fly;
 And oft attempts to seize it, but as oft
 The dimpled water speaks his jealous fear.
 At last, while haply o'er the shaded sun
 Passes a cloud, he desperate takes the death 430
 With sudden plunge. At once he darts along,
 Deep-struck, and runs out all the lengthen'd line;
 Then seeks the farthest ooze, the sheltering weed,
 The cavern'd bank, his old secure abode;
 And flies aloft, and flounces round the pool, 435
 Indignant of the guile. With yielding hand,
 That feels him still, yet to his furious course
 Gives way, you, now retiring, following now
 Across the stream, exhaust his idle rage;
 Till floating broad upon his breathless side, 440
 And to his fate abandon'd, to the shore
 You gaily drag your unresisting prize.

Thus pass the temperate hours: but when the sun
 Strakes from his noon-day throne the scattering clouds,
 Even shooting listless languor thro' the deeps; 445
 Then seek the bank where flow'ring elders croud,
 Where scatter'd wild the lily of the vale
 Its balmy essence breathes, where cowslips hang
 The dewy head, where purple violets lurk,
 With all the lowly children of the shade: 450
 Or lie reclin'd beneath yon spreading ash,
 Hung o'er the steep; whence borne on liquid wing,
 The sounding culver shoots; or where the hawk,
 High, in the beetling cliff, his airy builds.
 There let the classic page thy fancy lead 455
 Thro' rural scenes; such as the Mantuan swain
 Paints in the matchless harmony of song:
 Or catch thyself the landscape, gliding swift
 Athwart imagination's vivid eye:
 Or by the vocal woods or waters lull'd, 460
 And lost in lonely musing, in a dream,

Confus'd, of careless solitude, where mix
 Ten thousand wand'ring images of things,
 Soothe every gust of passion into peace,
 All but the swellings of the soften'd heart, 465
 That waken, not disturb the tranquil mind.

BEHOLD you breathing prospect bids the muse
 Throw all her beauty forth. But who can paint
 Like nature? Can imagination boast,
 Amid its gay creation, hues like hers? 470
 Or can it mix them with that matchless skill,
 And lose them in each other, as appears
 In every bud that blows? If fancy then
 Unequal fails beneath the pleasing task;
 Ah what shall language do? Ah where find words,
 Tint'd with so many colours; and whose power 476
 To life approaching, may perfume my lays
 With that fine oil, those aromatic gales,
 That inexhaustive flow continual round?

YET, tho' successful, will the toil delight. 480
 Come then, ye virgins, and ye youths, whose hearts
 Have felt the raptures of refining love:
 And thou, AMANDA, come, pride of my song!
 Form'd by the graces, loveliness itself!
 Come with those downcast eyes, sedate and sweet,
 Those looks demure, that deeply pierce the soul; 486
 Where, with the light of thoughtful reason mix'd,
 Shines lively fancy and the feeling heart:
 Oh come! and while the rosy-footed May
 Steals blushing on, together let us tread 490
 The morning dews, and gather in their prime
 Fresh-blooming flowers, to grace thy braided hair,
 And thy lov'd bosom that improves their sweets.

SEE, where the winding vale its lavish stores,
 Irriguous, spreads. See, how the lily drinks 495
 The latent rill, scarce oozing thro' the grass,

Of growth luxuriant ; or the humid bank,
 In fair profusion, decks. Long let us walk,
 Where the breeze blows from yon extended field
 Of blossom'd beans. Arabia cannot boast 500
 A fuller gale of joy, than, lib'ral, thence
 Breathes thro' the sense, and takes the ravish'd soul.
 Nor is the mead unworthy of thy foot,
 Full of fresh verdure, and unnumber'd flowers,
 The negligence of nature, wide, and wild ; 505
 Where, undisguis'd by mimic art, she spreads
 Unbounded beauty to the roving eye.
 Here their delicious task the fervent bees,
 In swarming millions, tend. Around, athwart;
 Thro' the soft air, the busy nations fly, 510
 Cling to the bud, and, with inserted tube,
 Suck its pure essence, its ethereal soul.
 And oft, with bolder wing, they soaring dare
 The purple heath, or where the wild-thyme grows,
 And yellow load them with the luscious spoil. 515

At length the finish'd garden to the view
 Its vistas opens, and its alleys green.
 Snatch'd thro' the verdant maze, the hurried eye
 Distracted wanders ; now the bow'ry walk
 Of covert close, where scarce a speck of day 520
 Falls on the lengthen'd gloom, protracted sweeps ;
 Now meets the bending sky, the river now
 Dimpling along, the breezy-ruffled lake,
 The forest dark'ning round, the glitt'ring spire,
 Th' ethereal mountain, and the distant main. 525
 But why so far excursive ? when at hand
 Along these blushing borders, bright with dew,
 And in yon mingled wilderness of flowers,
 Fair-handed Spring unbosoms every grace ;
 Throws out the snow-drop, and the crocus first ; 530
 The daisy, primrose, violet darkly blue,
 And polyanthus of unnumber'd dyes ;
 The yellow wall-flower, stain'd with iron brown ;

And lavish stock that scents the garden round.
 From the soft wing of vernal breezes shed, 535
 Anemonies; auriculas, enrich'd
 With shining meal o'er all their velvet leaves;
 And full renunculas, of glowing red.
 'Then comes the tulip race, where beauty plays
 Her idle freaks; from family diffus'd 540
 To family, as flies the father dust,
 The varied colours run; and while they break
 On the charm'd eye, th' exulting florist marks,
 With secret pride, the wonders of his hand.
 No gradual bloom is wanting; from the bud, 545
 First born of Spring, to Summer's malky tribes:
 Nor hyacinths, of purest virgin white,
 Low bent, and blushing inward; nor jonquils,
 Of potent fragrance; nor Narcissus fair,
 As o'er the fabled fountain hanging still; 550
 Nor broad carnations, nor gay spotted pinks;
 Nor, shower'd from every bush, the damask rose.
 Infinite numbers, delicacies, smells,
 With hues on hues expression cannot paint,
 The breath of nature and her endless bloom. 555

HAIL, Source of Beings! Universal Soul
 Of heaven and earth! Essential Presence, hail!
 'To thee I bend the knee; to thee my thoughts,
 Continual, climb; who, with a matter hand,
 Hast the great whole into perfection touch'd. 560
 By thee the various vegetative tribes,
 Wrapt in a filmy net, and clad with leaves,
 Draw the live ether, and imbibe the dew:
 By thee dispos'd into congenial soils,
 Stands each attractive plant, and sucks, and swells
 The juicy tide; a twining mass of tubes. 566
 At thy command the vernal sun awakes
 The torpid sap, detrudd to the root
 By wint'ry winds; that now in fluent dance,

And lively fermentation, mounting, spreads 570
All this innumerable-colour'd scene of things.

As rising from the vegetable world
My theme ascends, with equal wing ascend
My panting muse : and hark, how loud the woods
Invite you forth, in all your gayest trim. 575
Lend me your song, ye nightingales ! Oh pour
The mazy running soul of melody
Into my varied verse ! while I deduce
From the first verse the hollow cuckoo sings,
The symphony of Spring, and touch a theme 580
Unknown to fame, the passion of the groves.

WHEN first the soul of love is sent abroad,
Warm thro' the vital air, and on the heart
Harmonious seizes, the gay troops begin,
In gallant thought, to plume the painted wing ; 585
And try again the long forgotten strain,
At first faint-warbled. But no sooner grows
The soft infusion prevalent, and wide,
Than, all alive, at once their joy o'erflows
In music unconfin'd. Up springs the lark, 590
Shrill-voic'd, and loud, the messenger of morn ;
Ere yet the shadows fly, he mounted sings
Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts
Calls up the tuneful nations. Every copse
Deep tangled, tree irregular, and bush 595
Bending with dewy moisture o'er the heads
Of the coy quirksters that lodge within,
Are prodigal harmony. The thrush
And wood-lark, o'er the kind-contending throng
Superior heard, run thro' the sweetest length 600
Of notes ; when listening Philomela deigns
To let them joy, and purposes, in thought
Elate, to make her night excel their day.
The black-bird whistles from the thorny brake ;
The mellow bulfinch answers from the grove : 605

Nor are the linnets, o'er the flow'ring furze
 Pour'd out profusely, silent. Join'd to these
 Innum'rous songsters, in the fresh'ning shade
 Of new sprung leaves, their modulations mix
 Mellifluous. The jay, the rook, the daw, 610
 And each harsh pipe, discordant heard alone,
 Aid the full concert; while the stock-doves breathes
 A melancholy murmur thro' the whole.

'Tis love creates their melody, and all
 This waste of music is the voice of love; 615
 That even to birds, and beasts, the tender arts
 Of pleasing teaches. Hence the glossy kind
 Try every winning way inventive love
 Can dictate, and in courtship to their mates
 Pour forth their little souls, First, wide around, 620
 With distant awe, in airy rings they rove,
 Endeavouring by a thousand tricks to catch
 The cunning, conscious, half-averted glance
 Of their regardless charmer. Should she seem
 Softening the least approbance to bestow, 625
 Their colours burnish, and by hope inspir'd,
 They brisk advance; then, on a sudden struck,
 Retire disorder'd; then again approach;
 In fond rotation spread the spotted wing,
 And shiver every feather with desire. 630

CONNUBIAL leagues agreed, to the deep woods
 They haste away, all as their fancy leads,
 Pleasure, or food, or secret safety prompts;
 That Nature's great command may be obey'd,
 Nor all the sweet sensations they perceive 635
 Indulg'd in vain. Some to the holly-hedge
 Nestling repair, and to the thicket some;
 Some to the rude protection of the thorn
 Commit their feeble offspring. The cleft tree
 Offer its kind concealment to a few, 640
 Their food its insects, and its moss their nests.

Others apart far in the grassy dale,
 Or roughening waste, their humble texture weave.
 But most in woodland solitudes delight,
 In unfrequented glooms, or shaggy banks, 645
 Steep, and divided by a babbling brook,
 Whose murmurs soothe them all the live-long day,
 When by kind duty fix'd. Among the roots
 Of hazel, pendant o'er the plaintive stream,
 They frame the first foundation of their domes ; 650
 Dry sprigs of trees, in artful fabric laid,
 And bound with clay together. Now 'tis nought
 But restless hurry thro' the busy air,
 Beat by unnumber'd wings. The swallow sweeps
 The slimy pool, to build his hanging house 655
 Intent. And often from the careless back
 Of herds and flocks, a thousand tugging bills
 Pluck hair and wool ; and oft, when unobserv'd,
 Steal from the barn a straw ; till soft and warm,
 Clean, and complete, their habitation grows. 660

As thus the patient dam assiduous sits,
 Not to be tempted from her tender task,
 Or by sharp hunger, or by smooth delight,
 Tho' the whole loosen'd spring around her blows,
 Her sympathizing lover takes his stand 665
 High on th' opponent bank, and ceaseless sings,
 The tedious time away ; or else supplies
 Her place a moment, while she sudden flits
 To pick the scanty meal. Th' appointed time
 With pious toil fulfill'd, the callow young, 670
 Warm'd and expanded into perfect life,
 Their brittle bondage break, and come to light,
 A helpless family, demanding food
 With constant clamour. O what passions then,
 What melting sentiments of kindly care, 675
 On the new parents seize ! Away they fly
 Affectionate, and undesiring bear
 The most delicious morsel to their young,

Which equally distributed, again
 The search begins. Even so a gentle pair, 680
 By fortune sunk, but form'd of generous mold,
 And charm'd with cares beyond the vulgar breast,
 In some lone cot amid the distant woods,
 Sustain'd alone by providential heaven,
 Oft, as they weeping eye their infant train, 685
 Check their own appetites, and gives them all.

NOR toil alone they scorn; exalting love,
 By the great Father of the Spring inspir'd,
 Gives instant courage to the fearful race,
 And to the simple art. With stealthy wing, 690
 Should some rude foot their woody haunts molest,
 Amid a neighbouring bush they silent drop,
 And whirring thence, as if alarm'd deceive
 Th' unfeeling school-boy. Hence, around the head
 Of wandering swain, the white-wing'd plover wheels
 Her sounding flight; and then directly on 695
 In long excursion skims the level lawn,
 To tempt him from her nest. The wild-duck, hence,
 O'er the rough moss, and o'er the trackless waste
 The heath hen flutters, (pious fraud!) to lead 700
 The hot pursuing spaniel far astray.

BE not the muse ashamed, here to bemoan
 Her brothers of the grove, by tyrant man
 Inhuman caught, and in the narrow cage.
 From liberty confin'd, and boundless air. 705
 Dull are the pretty slaves, their plumage dull,
 Ragged, and all its brightening lustre lost;
 Nor is that sprightly wildness in their notes,
 Which, clear and vigorous, warbles from the beech.
 Oh then, ye friends of love and love-taught song,
 Spare the soft tribes, this barbarous art forbear! 711
 If on your bosom innocence can win,
 Music engage, or piety persuade.

BUT let not chief the nightingale lament
 Her ruin'd care, too delicately fram'd 715
 To brook the harsh confinement of the cage,
 Oft when, returning with her loaded bill,
 Th' astonish'd mother finds a vacant nest,
 By the hard hands of unrelenting clowns
 Robb'd, to the ground the vain provision falls ; 720
 Her pinions ruffle, and low drooping, scarce
 Can bear the mourner to the pop'lar shade :
 Where, all abandon'd to despair, she sings
 Her sorrows through the night, and, on the bough,
 Sole sitting, still at every dying fall 725
 Takes up again her lamentable strain
 Of winding woe ; till wide around the woods
 Sigh to her song, and with her wail resound.

BUT now the feather'd youth her former bounds,
 Ardent, disdain ; and weighing oft their wings, 730
 Demand the free possession of the sky ;
 This one glad office more, and then dissolves
 Parental love at once, now needless grown.
 Unlavish wisdom never works in vain.
 'Tis on some ev'ning, sunny, grateful, mild, 735
 When nought but balm is breathing thro' the woods,
 With yellow lustre bright, that the new tribes
 Visit the spacious heavens, and look abroad
 On Nature's common, far as they can see,
 Or wing, they range and pasture. O'er the boughs
 Dancing about, still at the giddy verge 741
 Their resolution fails ; their pinions still,
 In loose libration stretch'd, to trust the void
 Trembling refuse : till down before them fly
 The parent guides, and chide, exhort, command, 745
 Or push them off. The surging air receives
 The plummy burden ; and their self-taught wings
 Winnow the waving element. On ground
 Alighted, bolder up again they lead,
 Farther and farther on, the lengthning flight ; 750

Till vanish'd every fear, and every power
Rous'd into life and action, light in air
Th' acquitted parents see their soaring race,
And once rejoicing never know them more.

HIGH from the summit of a craggy cliff, 755
Hung o'er the deep, such as amazing frowns
On utmost Kilda's† shore, whose lonely race
Resign the setting sun to Indian worlds,
The royal eagle draws his vig'rous young,
Strong pounc'd, and ardent with paternal fire. 760
Now fit to raise a kingdom of their own,
He drives them from his fort, the tow'ring seat,
For ages, of his empire ; which, in peace,
Unstain'd he holds, while many a league to sea
He wings his course, and preys in distant isles. 765

SHOULD I my steps turn to the rural seat,
Whose lofty elms, and venerable oaks,
Invite the rook, who high amid the boughs,
In early Spring, his airy city builds,
And ceaseless caws amusive ; there, well-pleas'd, 770
I might the various polity survey
Of the mixt household-kind. The careful hen
Calls all her chirping family around,
Fed, and defended by the fearless cock,
Whose breast with ardour flames, as on he walks, 775
Graceful, and crows defiance. In the pond,
The finely checker'd duck, before her train,
Rows garrulous. The stately-sailing swan
Gives out his snowy plumage to the gale ;
And, arching proud his neck, with oary feet 780
Bears forward fierce, and guards his Orisk Isle,
Protective of his young. The turkey nigh,
Loud threatening, reddens ; while the peacock spreads
His every colour'd glory to the sun,

† The farthest of the western islands of Scotland.

And swims in radiant majesty along. 785
 O'er the whole homely scene, the cooing dove
 Flies thick in amorous chace, and wanton rolls
 The glancing eye, and turns the changeful neck.

WHILE thus the gentle tenants of the shade
 Indulge their purer loves, the rougher world 790
 Of brutes, below, rush furious into flame,
 And fierce desire thro' all his lusty veins
 The bull, deep-scorch'd; the raging passion feels.
 Of pasture sick, and negligent of food,
 Scarce seen, he wades among the yellow broom, 795
 While o'er his ample sides the rambling sprays
 Luxuriant shoot; or thro' the mazy wood
 Dejected wanders, nor th' enticing bud
 Crops, tho' it presses on his careless sense.
 And oft, in jealous madding fancy wrapt, 800
 He seeks the fight; and, idly butting, feigns
 His rival gor'd in every knotty trunk.
 Him should he meet, the bellowing war begins;
 Their eyes flash fury; to the hollow'd earth,
 Whence the sand flies, they mutter bloody deeds, 805
 And groaning deep th' impetuous battle mix;
 While the fair heifer, balmy breathing, near,
 Stands kindling up their rage. The trembling steed,
 With this hot impulse seiz'd in every nerve,
 Nor hears the rein, nor heeds the sounding thong;
 Blows are not felt; but tossing high his head, 810
 And by the well-known joy to distant plains
 Attracted strong, all wild he bursts away;
 O'er rocks, and woods, and craggy mountains flies;
 And, neighing, on the aerial summit takes 815
 Th' exciting gale; then, steep-descending, cleaves
 The headlong torrents foaming down the hills,
 Even where the madness of the straiten'd stream
 Turns in black eddies round: such is the force
 With which his frantic heart and sinews swell. 820

NOR undelighted, by the boundless Spring,
 Are the broad monsters of the foaming deep :
 From the deep ooze and gelid cavern rous'd,
 They flounce and tumble in unwieldy joy. 825
 Dire were the strain, and dissonant, to sing
 The cruel raptures of the savage kind :
 How by this flame their native wrath sublim'd,
 They roam amid the fury of their heart,
 The far-resounding waste in fiercer bands,
 And growl their horrid loves. But this the theme 830
 I sing, enraptur'd, to the British Fair,
 Forbids, and leads me to the mountain-brow,
 Where sits the shepherd on the grassy turf,
 Inhaling, healthful, the descending sun.
 Around him feeds his many bleating flock, 835
 Of various cadence ; and his sportive lambs,
 This way and that convolv'd, in friskful glee,
 Their frolics play. And now the sprightly race
 Invites them forth ; when swift, the signal given,
 They start away, and sweep the massy mound 840
 That runs around the hill ; the rampart once
 Of iron war, in ancient barb'rous times,
 When disunited Britain ever bled,
 Lost in eternal broil ; ere yet she grew
 To this deep-laid indissoluble state, 845
 Where Wealth and Commerce lift the golden head ;
 And, o'er our labours, Liberty and Law,
 Impartial, watch ; the wonder of a world !

WHAT is this mighty breath, ye curious, say,
 That, in a powerful language, felt not heard, 850
 Instructs the fowls of heaven ; and thro' their breath
 These arts of love diffuses ! What but God ?
 Inspiring God ! who boundless Spirit all,
 And unremitting energy, pervades,
 Adjusts, sustains, and agitates the whole. 855
 He ceaseless works alone, and yet alone
 Seems not to work ; with such perfection fram'd

Is this complex stupendous scheme of things.
 But, tho' conceal'd to every purer eye
 Th' informing Author in his works appears ; 860
 Chief, lovely Spring, in thee, and thy soft scenes,
 The smiling God is seen ; while water, earth,
 And air attest his bounty ; which exalts
 The brute creation to this finer thought,
 And annual melts their undesigning hearts 865
 Profusely thus in tenderness and joy.

STILL let my song a nobler note assume,
 And sing th' intusive force of Spring on Man ;
 When heav'n and earth, as if contending, vie
 To raise his being, and serene his soul. 870
 Can he forbear to join the general smile
 Of Nature ? Can fierce passions vex his breast,
 While every gale is peace, and every grove
 Is melody ? Hence ! from the bounteous walks
 Of flowing Spring, ye sordid sons of earth, 875
 Hard, and unfeeling of another's woe,
 Or only lavish to yourselves ; away !
 But come, ye gen'rous minds, in whose wide thought,
 Of all his works, Creative Bounty burns,
 With warmest beam ; and on your open front 880
 And lib'ral eye, sits, from his dark retreat,
 Inviting modest want. Nor, till invok'd,
 Can restless goodness wait ; your active search
 Leaves no cold wint'ry corner unexplor'd ;
 Like silent-working Heaven, surprising oft 885
 The lonely heart with unexpected good.
 For you the roving spirit of the wind
 Blows Spring abroad ; for you the teeming clouds
 Descend in gladsome plenty o'er the world ;
 And the sun sheds his kindest rays for you, 890
 Ye flower of human race ! In these green days,
 Reviving sickness lifts her languid-head ;
 Life flows afresh ; and young ey'd health exalts
 The whole creation round. Contentment walks

'The sunny glade, and feels an inward bliss 895
 Spring o'er his mind, beyond the power of kings
 To purchase. Pure serenity apace
 Induces thought, and contemplation still.
 By swift degrees the love of nature works,
 And warms the bosom; till at last sublim'd 900
 To rapture, and enthusiastic heat,
 We feel the present Deity, and taste
 The joy of God to see a happy world!

THESE are the sacred feelings of thy heart;
 Thy heart inform'd by reason's purer ray, 905
 O Lyttelton, the friend! thy passions thus
 And meditations vary, as at large,
 Courting the muse, thro' Hagley's Park you stray,
 Thy British Temple! there along the dale,
 With woods o'er-hung, and shag'd with mossy rocks,
 Whence on each hand the gushing waters play, 915
 And down the rough cascade white-dashing fall,
 Or gleam in lengthen'd vista thro' the trees,
 You silent steal; or sit beneath the shade
 Of solemn oaks, that tuft the swelling mounts 915
 Thrown graceful round by Nature's careless hand,
 And pensive listen to the various voice
 Of rural peace: The herds, the flocks, the birds,
 The hollow whispering breeze, the plaint of rills.
 That, purling down amid the twisted roots 920
 Which creep around, their dewy murmurs shake
 On the sooth'd ear. From these abstracted oft,
 You wander thro' the philosophic world;
 Where in bright train continual wonders rise,
 Or to the curious or the pious eye. 925
 And oft, conducted by historic truth,
 You tread the long extent of backward time:
 Planning, with warm benevolence of mind,
 And honest zeal unwarp'd by party-rage,
 Britannia's weal; how from the venal gulph 930
 To raise her virtue, and her arts revive.

Or, turning thence thy view, these graver thoughts
 The muses charm; while, with sure taste refin'd,
 You draw th' inspiring breath of ancient song;
 Till nobly rises, emulous, thy own. 935
 Perhaps thy lov'd Lucinda shares thy walk,
 With soul to thine attun'd. Their nature all
 Wears to the lover's eye a look of love;
 And all the tumult of a guilty world,
 Tost by ungenerous passions, sinks away. 940
 The tender heart is animated peace;
 And as it pours its copious treasures forth,
 In vary'd converse, softening every theme,
 You, frequent-pausing, turn, and from her eyes,
 Where meekn'd sense, and amiable grace, 945
 And lively sweetness dwell, enraptur'd, drink
 That nameless Spirit of ethereal joy,
 Inimitable happiness! which love,
 Alone, bestows, and on a favour'd few.
 Meantime you gain the height, from whose fair brow
 The bursting prospect spreads immense around; 951
 And snatch'd o'er hill and dale, and wood and lawn,
 And verdant field, and darkening heath between,
 And villages embosom'd soft in trees,
 And spiry towns by surgy columns mark'd 955
 Of household smoke, your eye excursive roams:
 Wide-stretching from the Hall, in whose kind haunt
 The Hospitable Genius lingers still,
 To where the broken landscape, by degrees,
 Ascending, roughens into rigid hills; 960
 O'er which the Cambrian mountains, like far clouds
 That skirt the blue horizon, dusky, rise.

FLUSH'D by the spirit of the genial year,
 Now from the virgin's cheek a fresher bloom
 Shoots, less and less, the live carnation round; 965
 Her lips blush deeper sweets; she breathes of youth;
 The shining moisture swells into her eyes,
 In brighter flow; her withing bosom heaves,

With palpitations wild ; kind tumults seize
 Her veins, and all her yielding soul is love. 970
 From the keen gaze her lover turns away,
 Full of the dear ecstatic power, and sick
 With sighing languishment. Ah then, ye fair !
 Be greatly cautious of your sliding hearts:
 Dare not th' infectious sigh ; the pleading look, 975
 Down-cast, and low, in meek submission drest,
 But full of guile. Let not the fervent tongue,
 Prompt to deceive, with adulation smooth,
 Gain on your purpos'd will. Nor in the bower,
 Where woodbines flaunt, and roses shed a couch, 980
 While evening draws her crimson curtains round,
 Trust your soft minutes with betraying man.

And let th' aspiring youth beware of love,
 Of the smooth glance beware ; for 'tis too late,
 When on his heart the torrent-softness pours. 985
 Then wisdom prostrate lies, and fading fame
 Dissolves in air away ; while the fond soul,
 Wrapt in gay visions of unreal bliss,
 Still paints th' illusive form ; the kindling grace ;
 Th' enticing smile ; the modest seeming eye, 990
 Beneath whose beauteous beams, belying heaven,
 Lurk searchless cunning, cruelty, and death :
 And still, false-warbling in his cheated ear,
 Her syren voice, enchanting, draws him on,
 To guileful shores, and meads of fatal joy. 995

Even present, in the very lap of love
 Inglorious laid ; while music flows around,
 Perfumes, and oils, and wine, and wanton hours ;
 Amid the roses fierce repentance rears
 Her snaky crest ; a quick-returning pang 1000
 Shoots thro' the conscious heart ; where honour still
 And great design, against th' oppressive load
 Of luxury, by fits, impatient heave.

But absent, what fantastic woes, arrous'd,
 Rage in each thought, by restless musing fed, 1005
 Chill the warm cheek, and blast the bloom of life ?
 Neglected fortune flies ; and sliding swift,
 Prone into ruin, fall his scorn'd affairs.
 'Tis nought but gloom around. The darken'd sun
 Loses his light. The rosy bosom'd Spring 1010
 To weeping fancy pines ; and yon bright arch,
 Contracted, bends into a dusky vault.
 All nature fades extinct ; and she alone
 Heard, felt, and seen, possesses every thought,
 Fills every sense, and pants in every vein. 1015
 Books are but formal dulness, tedious friends ;
 And sad amid the social band he sits,
 Lonely, and unattentive. From the tongue
 Th' unfinish'd period falls : while borne away,
 On swelling thought, his wasted Spirit flies 1020
 To the vain bosom of his distant fair ;
 And leaves the semblance of a lover, fix'd
 In melancholy site, and head declin'd,
 And love-dejected eyes. Sudden he starts,
 Shook from his tender trance, and restless runs 1025
 To glimmering shades, and sympathetic glooms ;
 Where the dun umbrage o'er the falling stream
 Romantic, hangs ; there thro' the pensive dusk
 Strays, in heart-thrilling meditation lost,
 Indulging all to love : or on the bank 1030
 Thrown, and drooping lilies, swells the breeze
 With sighs unceasing, and the brook with tears.
 Thus in soft anguish he consumes the day,
 Nor quits his deep retirement, till the moon
 Peeps thro' the chambers of the fleecy east, 1035
 Enlighten'd by degrees, and in her train
 Leads on the gentle hours ; then forth he walks,
 Beneath the trembling anguish of her beam,
 With soften'd soul, and wooes the bird of eve
 To mingle woes with his : or while the world 1040
 And all the sons of care lies hush'd in sleep,

Associates with the midnight shadows drear ;
 And, sighing to the lonely taper, pours
 His idly-tortur'd heart into the page,
 Meant for the moving messenger of love : 1045
 Where rapture burns on rapture, every line
 With rising frinzy fir'd. But if on bed
 Delirious flung, sleep from his pillow flies.
 All night he tosses, nor the balmy power
 In any posture finds ; till the gray morn 1050
 Lifts her pale lustre on the paler wretch,
 Exanimate by love ; and then perhaps
 Exhausted nature sinks a while to rest,
 Still interrupted by distracted dreams,
 That o'er the sick imagination rise, 1055
 And in black colours paint the mimic scene.
 Oft with th' enchantress of his soul he talks ;
 Sometimes in crouds distress'd ; or if retir'd
 To secret winding-flower enwoven bowers,
 Far from the dull impertinence of man, 1060
 Just as he, credulous, his endless cares
 Begins to lose in blind oblivious love,
 Snatch'd from her yielded hand, he knows not how,
 Thro' forests huge, and long untravel'd heaths
 With desolation brown, he wanders waste, 1065
 In night and tempest wrapt ; or shrinks aghast,
 Back, from the bending precipice, or wades
 The turbid stream below, and strives to reach
 The farthest shore ; where succourless, and sad,
 She with extended arms his aid implores, 1070
 But strives in vain : Borne by the outrageous flood
 To distance down, he rides the ridgy wave,
 O'erwhelm'd beneath the boiling eddy sinks.
 These are the charming agonies of love,
 Whose misery delights. But thro' the heart 1075
 Should jealousy it's venom once diffuse,
 'Tis then delightful misery no more,
 But agony unmix'd, incessant gall,
 Corroding every thought, and blasting all

Love's paradise. Ye fairy prospects, then, 1080
 Ye beds of roses, and ye bowers of joy,
 Farewel! Ye gleamings of departed peace,
 Shine out your last! the yellow tinging plague
 Internal vision taints, and in a night
 Of livid gloom imagination wraps. 1085
 Ah then! instead of love-enliven'd cheeks,
 Of sunny features, and of ardent eyes
 With flowing rapture bright, dark looks succeed;
 Suffus'd, and glaring with untender fire;
 A clouded aspect, and a burning cheek, 1090
 Where the whole poison'd soul malignant, sits,
 And frightens love away. Ten thousand fears
 Invented wild, ten thousand frantic views
 Of horrid rivals, hanging on the charms
 For which he melts in fondness, eat him up 1095
 With fervent anguish, and consuming rage.
 In vain reproaches lend their idle aid,
 Deceitful pride, and resolution frail,
 Giving false peace a moment. Fancy pours,
 Afresh, her beauties on his busy thought, 1100
 Her first endearments, twining round the soul,
 With all the witchcraft of ensnaring love.
 Strait the fierce storm involves his mind anew,
 Flames thro' the nerves, and boils along the veins:
 While anxious doubt distracts the tortur'd heart: 1105
 For even the sad assurance of his fears
 Were peace to what he feels. Thus the warm youth,
 Whom love deludes into his thorny wilds,
 Thro' flowery tempting paths, or leads a life
 Of fever'd rapture, or of cruel care; 1110
 His brightest aims extinguish'd all, and all
 His lively moments running down to waste.

But happy they! the happiest of their kind!
 Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate
 Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.
 'Tis not the coarser tie of human laws, 1116

Unnatural est, and foreign to the mind,
 That binds their peace, but harmony itself,
 Attuning all their passions into love ;
 Where friendship full exerts her softest power, 1120
 Perfect esteem enliven'd by desire
 Ineffable, and sympathy of soul ;
 Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,
 With boundless confidence ; for nought but love
 Can answer love and render bliss secure. 1125
 Let him, ungenerous, who, alone intent
 To bless himself, from sordid parents buys
 The loathing virgin, in eternal care,
 Well-merited, consume his nights and days :
 Let barbarous nations, whose inhuman love 1130
 Is wild desire, fierce as the suns they feel ;
 Let eastern tyrants from the light of heaven
 Seclude their bosom slaves, meanly possess'd
 Of a meer, lifeless, violated form :
 While those whom love cements in holy faith, 1135
 And equal transport, free as nature live,
 Disdaining fear. What is the world to them,
 It's pomp, it's pleasure, and it's nonsense all !
 Who in each other clasp whatever fair
 High fancy forms, and lavish hearts can wish : 1140
 Something than beauty dearer, should they look
 Or on the mind, or mind-illumin'd face,
 Truth, goodness, honour, harmony, and love,
 The richest bounty of indulgent heaven.
 Mean-time a smiling offspring rises round, 1145
 And mingles both their graces. By degrees,
 The human blossom blows ; and every day,
 Soft as it rolls along, shews some new charm,
 The father's lustre, and the mother's bloom.
 Then infant reason grows apace, and calls 1150
 For the kind hand of an assiduous care.
 Delightful task ! to rear the tender thought,
 To teach the young idea how to shoot,
 To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,

To breathe enlivening spirit, and to fix 1155
The generous purpose in the glowing breast.
Oh speak the joy ! ye, whom the sudden tear
Surprizes often, while you look around,
And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss,
All various nature pressing on the heart ; 1160
An elegant sufficiency, content,
Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
Ease and alternate labour, useful life,
Progressive virtue, and approving heaven.
These are the matchless joys of virtuous love ; 1165
And thus their moments fly. The Seasons thus,
As ceaseless round a jarring world they roll,
Still find them happy ; and consenting Spring
Sheds her own rosy garland on their heads ;
Till evening comes at last, serene and mild ; 1170
When after the long vernal day of life,
Enamoured more, as more remembrance swells
With many a proof of recollected love,
Together down they sink in social sleep ;
Together freed their gentle spirits fly 1175
To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign.



S U M M E R.

THE ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Invocation. Address to Mr Dodington. An introductory reflection on the motion of the heavenly bodies; whence the succession of the seasons. As the face of nature in this season is almost uniform, the progress of the poem is a description of a summer's day. The dawn. Sun-rising. Hymn to the sun. Forenoon. Summer insects described. Hay making. Sheep-shearing. Noon-day. A woodland retreat. Groupe of herds and flocks. A solemn grove. How it affects a contemplative mind. A cataract, and rude scene. View of Summer in the torrid zone. Storm of thunder and lightning. A tale. The storm over, a serene afternoon. Bathing. Hour of walking. Transition to the prospect of a rich well cultivated country; which introduces a panegyric on Great Britain. Sun-set. Evening. Night. Summer-meteors. A comet. The whole concluding with the praise of philosophy.

S U M M E R.

FROM bright'ning fields of ether fair disclos'd,
Child of the sun, refulgent Summer comes,
In pride of youth, and felt thro' nature's depth ;
He comes attended by the sultry hours,
And ever fanning breezes, on his way ; 5
While, from his ardent look, the turning Spring
Averts her blushful face ; and earth, and skies,
All-smiling, to his hot dominion leaves.

HENCE, let me haste into the mid-wood shade,
Where scarce a sun-beam wanders thro' the gloom, 10
And on the dark-green grass, beside the brink
Of haunted stream, that by the roots of oak
Rolls o'er the rocky channel, lie at large,
And sing the glories of the circling year.

COME, Inspiration ! from thy hermit seat, 15
By mortal seldom found : May fancy dare,
From thy fix'd serious eye, and raptur'd glance
Shot on surrounding heaven, to steal one look
Creative of the poet, every power
Exalting to an ecstasy of soul. 20

AND thou, my youthful muse's early friend,
In whom the human graces all unite,

Pure light of mind, and tenderness of heart ;
 Genius, and wisdom ; the gay social sense,
 By decency chastis'd ; goodness and wit, 25
 In seldom meeting harmony combin'd ;
 Unblemish'd honour, and an active zeal,
 For Britain's glory, liberty, and man :
 O Dodington ! attend my rural song,
 Stoop to my theme, inspire every line, 30
 And teach me to deserve thy just applause.

WITH what an awful world-revolving power,
 Were first th' unwieldy planets launch'd along
 Th' illimitable void ! thus to remain,
 Amid the flux of many thousand years, 35
 That oft has swept the toiling race of men,
 And all their labour'd monuments away,
 Firm, unremitting, matchless in their course ;
 To the kind temper'd change of night and day,
 And of the Seasons ever stealing round, 40
 Minutely faithful ; such th' all perfect Hand,
 That pois'd, impels, and rules the steady whole.

WHEN now no more th' alternate twins are fir'd,
 And Cancer reddens with the solar blaze,
 Short is the doubtful empire of the night ; 45
 And soon, observant of approaching day,
 The meek-ey'd morn appears, mother of dews,
 At first faint-gleaming in the dappled east :
 Till far o'er ether spreads the widening glow ;
 And, from before the lustre of her face, 50
 White break the clouds away. With quicken'd step,
 Brown night retires. Young day pours in apace,
 And opens all the lawny prospect wide.
 The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top
 Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn. 55
 Blue, thro' the dusk, the smoking currents shine ;
 And from the bladed field the fearful hare
 Limp, awkward ; while along the forest-glade

The wild deer trip, and often turning, gaze
 At early passenger. Music awakes, 60
 The native voice of undissembled joy;
 And thick around the woodland hymns arise.
 Rous'd by the cock, the soon-clad shepherd leaves
 His mossy cottage, where with peace he dwells;
 And from the crouded fold, in order, drives 65
 His flock, to taste the verdure of the morn.

FALSELY luxurious, will not man awake;
 And, springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy
 The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour;
 To meditation due, and sacred song? 70
 For is there aught in sleep can charm the wise?
 To lie in dead oblivion, losing half
 The fleeting moments of too short a life?
 Total extinction of th' enlighten'd soul;
 Or else to feverish vanity alive, 75
 Wilder'd, and tossing thro' distemper'd dreams?
 Who would in such a gloomy state remain,
 Longer than nature craves; when every muse
 And every blooming pleasure wait without,
 To bless the wildly devious morning walk? 80

BUT yonder comes the powerful king of day,
 Rejoicing in the east. The lessening cloud,
 The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow
 Illum'd with fluid gold, his near approach
 Betoken glad. Lo! now apparent all, 85
 Assant the dew-bright earth, and colour'd air,
 He looks in boundless majesty abroad;
 And sheds the shining day, that burnish'd plays
 On rocks, and hills, and tow'rs, and wand'ring streams
 High gleaming from afar. Prime chearer, light! 90
 Of all material beings first, and best!
 Efflux divine! Nature's resplendent robe!
 Without whose vesting beauty all were wrapt
 In unessential gloom; and thou, O Sun!

Soul of surrounding worlds ! in whom best seen 95
Shines out thy Maker ! may I sing of thee ?

'Tis by thy secret, strong, attractive force,
As with a chain indissoluble bound,
Thy system rolls entire ; from the far bourne
Of utmost Saturn, wheeling wide his round 100
Of thirty years ; to Mercury, whose disk
Can scarce be caught by philosophic eye,
Lost in the near effulgence of thy blaze.

INFORMER of the planetary train !
Without whose quickening glance their cumbrous orbs
Were brute unlovely mass, inert and dead, 106
And not as now the green abodes of life ;
How many forms of being wait on thee !
Inhaling Spirit ; from th' unfetter'd mind,
By thee sublim'd, down to the daily race, 110
The mixing myriads of thy setting beam.

THE vegetable world is also thine,
Parent of Seasons ! who the pomp precede
That waits thy throne, as thro' thy vast domain,
Annual, along the bright ecliptic road, 115
In world-rejoicing state, it moves sublime.
Mean-time th' expecting nations, circled gay
With all the various tribes of foodful earth,
Implore thy bounty, or send grateful up
A common hymn : while, round thy beaming car, 120
High-seen, the seasons lead, in sprightly dance
Harmonious knit, the rosy-finger'd hours,
The Zephyrs floating loose, the timely rains,
Of bloom ethereal the light-footed dews,
And soften'd into joy the furly storms. 125
These, in successive turn, with lavish hand,
Shower every beauty, every fragrance shower,
Herbs, flowers, and fruits ; till kindling at thy touch
From land to land is flush'd the vernal year.

NOR to the surface of enliven'd earth,
 Graceful with hills and dales, and leafy woods,
 Her liberal tresses, is thy force confin'd;
 But, to the bowel'd cavern darting deep,
 The mineral kinds confess thy mighty power.
 Effulgent, hence the veiny marble shines; 135
 Hence labour draws his tools; hence burnish'd war
 Gleams on the day; the nobler works of peace
 Hence bless mankind, and generous commerce binds
 The round of nations in a golden chain.

TH' unfruitful rock itself impregn'd by thee 140
 In dark retirement, forms the lucid stone.
 The lively diamond drinks thy purest rays,
 Collected light, compact; that polish'd bright,
 And all its native lustre let abroad,
 Dares, as it sparkles on the fair one's breast, 145
 With vain ambition emulate her eyes.
 At thee the ruby lights its deepening glow,
 And with a waving radiance inward flames.
 From thee the sapphire, solid ether, takes
 Its hue cerulean; and, of evening tinct, 150
 The purple streaming amethyst is thine.
 With thy own smile the yellow topaz burns.
 Nor deeper verdure dyes the robe of Spring,
 When first she gives it to the southern gale,
 Than the green emerald shows. But, all combin'd,
 Thick thro' the whitening opal play thy beams; 156
 Or, flying several from its surface, form
 A trembling variance of revolving hues,
 As the site varies in the gazer's hand.

THE very dead creation, from thy touch, 160
 Assumes a mimic life. By thee refin'd,
 In brighter mazes, the relucant stream
 Plays o'er the mead. The precipice abrupt,
 Projecting horror on the blacken'd flood,
 Softens at thy return. The desert joys 165

Wildly, thro' all his melancholy bounds.
 Rude ruins glitter ; and the briny deep,
 Seen from some pointed promontory's top,
 Far to the blue horizon's utmost verge,
 Restless, reflects a floating gleam. But this, 170
 And all the much-transported Mule can sing,
 Are to thy beauty, dignity, and use,
 Unequal far, great delegated Source,
 Of light, and life, and grace, and joy below !

How shall I then attempt to sing of Him, 175
 Who, Light Himself, is uncreated light
 Invested deep, dwells awfully retir'd
 From mortal eye, or angel's purer ken ;
 Whose single smile has, from the first of time,
 Fill'd, overflowing, all those lamps of heaven, 180
 That beam for ever thro' the boundless sky :
 But, should he hide his face, th' astonish'd sun,
 And all th' extinguish'd stars, would loosening reel
 Wide from their spheres, and chaos come again.

And yet was every faltering tongue of man, 185
 Almighty Father ! silent in thy praise ;
 Thy works themselves would raise a general voice,
 Even in the depth of solitary woods,
 By human foot untrod, proclaim thy power,
 And to the quire celestial Thee resound, 190
 Th' eternal Cause, support, and end of all !

To me be Nature's volume broad-display'd ;
 And to peruse its all-instructing page ;
 Or, haply catching inspiration thence,
 Some easy passage, raptur'd to translate, 195
 My sole delight ; as thro' the falling glooms
 Pensive I stray, or with the rising dawn
 On fancy's eagle-wing excursive soar.

Now, flaming up the heavens, the potent sun
 Melts into limpid air the high rais'd clouds, 200

And morning fogs, that hover'd round the hills
 In party-colour'd bands ; till wide unveil'd
 The face of nature shines, from where earth seems
 Far stretch'd around, to meet the bending sphere.

HALF in the blush of clust'ring roses lost, 205
 Dew-dropping coolness to the shade retires ;
 There, on the verdant turf, or flow'ry bed,
 By gelid founts and careless rills to muse ;
 While tyrant heat, disspreading thro' the sky,
 With rapid sway, his burning influence darts 210
 On man, on beast, and herb, and trepid stream.

Who can un pitying see the flow'ry race,
 Shed by the morn, their new-flush'd bloom resign,
 Before the parching beam ? so fade the fair,
 When fevers revel thro' their azure veins. 215
 But one, the lofty follower of the sun,
 Sad when he sets, shuts up her yellow leaves,
 Drooping all night ; and, when he warm returns,
 Points her enamour'd bosom to his ray.

HOME, from his morning task, the swain retreats ;
 His flock before him stepping to the fold : 221
 Where the full udder'd mother lows around
 The cheerful cottage, then expecting food,
 The food of innocence, and health ! the daw,
 The rook and magpie, to the gray-grown oaks 225
 (That the calm village in their verdant arms,
 Shelt'ring, embrace) direct their lazy flight ;
 Where on the mingling boughs they sit embower'd
 All the hot noon, till cooler hours arise.
 Faint, underneath, the household-fowls convene ; 230
 And, in a corner of the buzzing shade,
 The house-dog, with the vacant grey-hound, lies,
 Out-stretch'd, and sleepy. In his slumbers one
 Attacks the nightly thief, and one exults
 O'er hill and dale ; till, waken'd by the wasp, 235

They starting snap. Nor shall the muse disdain
 To let the little noisy summer race
 Live in her lay, and flutter thro' her song,
 Not mean tho' simple ; to the sun ally'd,
 From him they draw their animating fire. 240

WAK'D by his warmer ray, the reptile young
 Come wing'd abroad ; by the light air upborne,
 Lighter, and full of soul. From every chink,
 And secret corner, where they slept away
 The wint'ry storms ; or rising from their tombs, 245
 To higher life ; by myriads, forth at once,
 Swarming they pour ; of all the varied hues
 Their beauty beaming parent can disclose.
 Ten thousand forms ! ten thousand diff'rent tribes !
 People the blaze. To sunny waters-some 250
 By fatal instinct fly ; where on the pool
 They, sportive, wheel ; or, sailing down the stream,
 Are snatch'd immediate by the quick-ey'd trout,
 Or darting salmon. Thro' the green-wood glade
 Some love to stray ; there lodg'd, amus'd and fed, 255
 In the fresh leaf. Luxurious, others make
 The meads their choice, and visit every flow'r,
 And every latent herb ; for the sweet task,
 To propagate their kinds, and where to wrap,
 In what soft beds, their young yet undisclos'd, 260
 Employs their tender care. Some to the house,
 The fold, and dairy, hungry, bend their flight :
 Sip round the pail, or taste the curdling cheese :
 Oft, inadvertent, from the milky stream
 They meet their fate ; or, weltering in the bowl, 265
 With powerless wings around them wrapt, expire.

BUT chief to heedless flies the window proves
 A constant death ; where, gloomily retir'd,
 The villain-spider lives, cunning, and fierce,
 Mixture abhorr'd ! Amid a mangled heap 270
 Of carcases, in eager watch he sits,

O'erlooking all his waving snares around :
 Near the dire cell the dreadful wanderer oft'
 Passes, as oft' the ruffian shows his front ;
 The prey at last ensnar'd, he dreadful darts, 275
 With rapid glide, along the leaning line,
 And fixing in the wretch his cruel fangs,
 Strikes backward, grimly pleas'd : the fluttering wing,
 And thriller sound declare extreme distress,
 And ask the helping hospitable hand. 280

RESOUNDS the living surface of the ground ;
 Nor undelightful is the ceaseless hum
 To him who muses thro' the woods at noon,
 Or drowsy shepherd, as he lies reclin'd,
 With half-shut eyes, beneath the floating shade 285
 Of willows grey, close-crowding o'er the brook.

GRADUAL from these what numerous kinds descend,
 Evading even the microscopic eye !
 Full Nature swarms with life ; one wondrous mass
 Of animals, or atoms organiz'd, 290
 Waiting the vital breath, when Parent-Heaven
 Shall bid his Spirit blow. The hoary sen,
 In putrid streams, emits the living cloud
 Of pestilence. Thro' subterranean cells,
 Where searching sunbeams scarce can find a way, 295
 Earth animated heaves. The flowery leaf
 Wants not its soft inhabitants. Secure,
 Within its winding citadel the stone
 Holds multitudes. But chief the forest boughs,
 That dance unnumber'd to the playful breeze, 300
 The downy orchard, and the melting pulp
 Of mellow fruit, the nameless nations feed
 Of evanescent insects. Where the pool
 Stands mantled o'er with green invisible,
 Amid the floating verdure millions stray. 305
 Each liquid, too, whether it pierces, soothes,
 Inflames, refreshes, or exalts the taste,

With various forms abounds. Nor is the stream
 Of purest crystal, nor the lucid air,
 Tho' one transparent vacancy it seems, 310
 Void of their unseen people. These, conceal'd
 By the kind art of forming Heaven, escape
 'The grosser eye of man; for if the worlds
 In worlds inclos'd should on his senses burst,
 From cates ambrosial and the nectar'd bowl 315
 He would abhorrent turn, and in dead night,
 When silence sleeps o'er all, be shunn'd with noise.

LET no presuming impious railer tax
 Creative Wisdom, as if aught was form'd
 In vain, or not for admirable ends. 320
 Shall little haughty Ignorance pronounce
 His works unwise, of which the smallest part
 Exceeds the narrow vision of her mind?
 As if upon a full proportion'd dome,
 On swelling columns heav'd the pride of Art! 325
 A critic fly, whose feeble ray scarce spreads
 An inch around, with blind presumption bold,
 Should dare to tax the structure of the whole.
 And lives the man whose universal eye
 Has swept at once th' unbounded scheme of things, 330
 Mark'd their dependance so, and firm accord,
 As with unflinching accent to conclude
 That this availeth nought? Has any seen
 The mighty chain of beings, lessening down
 From Infinite Perfection to the brink 335
 Of dreary Nothing, desolate abyss!
 From which astonish'd thought recoiling turns?
 Till then, alone let zealous praise ascend,
 And hymns of holy wonder to that Power
 Whose wisdom shines as lovely on our minds, 340
 As on our smiling eyes his servant sun.

THICK in yon' stream of light a thousand ways,
 Upward and downward, thwarting and convolv'd,

The quivering nations sport, till, tempest-wing'd,
 Fierce winter sweeps them from the face of day. 345
 Even so luxurious men, unheeding, pass
 An idle summer-life in Fortune's shine ;
 A season's glitter ! Thus they flutter on
 From toy to toy, from vanity to vice,
 Till, blown away by Death, Oblivion comes 350
 Behind, and strikes them from the Book of Life.

Now swarms the village o'er the jovial mead ;
 The rustic youth, brown with meridian toil,
 Healthful and strong ; full as the summer rose,
 Blown by prevailing suns, the ruddy maid, 355
 Half naked, swelling on the sight, and all
 Her kindled graces burning o'er her cheek.
 Even stooping Age is here, and infant-hands
 Trail the long rake, or, with the fragrant load
 O'ercharg'd, amid the kind oppression roll. 360
 Wide flies the tedded grain ; all in a row
 Advancing broad, or wheeling round the field,
 They spread the breathing harvest to the sun,
 That throws refreshful round, a rural smell ;
 Or, as they rake the green appearing ground, 365
 And drive the dusky wave along the mead,
 The ruffet hay-cock rises thick behind,
 In order gay ; while, heard from dale to dale,
 Waking the breeze, resounds the blendid voice
 Of happy labour, love, and social glee. 370

Or rushing thence, in one diffusive band
 They drive the troubled flocks, by many a dog
 Compell'd, to where the mazy-running brook
 Forms a deep pool, this bank abrupt and high,
 And that fair spreading in a pebbled shore. 375
 Urg'd to the giddy brink, much is the toil,
 The clamour much of men, and boys, and dogs,
 Ere the soft fearful people to the flood
 Commit their woolly sides ; and oft' the swain,

On some impatient seizing, hurls them in : 380
 Embolden'd then, nor hesitating more,
 Fast, fast they plunge amid the flashing wave,
 And, panting labour to the farthest shore.
 Repeated this, till deep the well-wash'd fleece
 Has drunk the flood, and from his lively haunt 385
 The trout is banish'd by the sordid stream,
 Heavy, and dripping to the breezy brow
 Slow move the harmless race, where, as they spread
 Their swelling treasures to the sunny ray,
 Inly disturb'd, and wondering what this wild 390
 Outrageous tumult means, their loud complaints
 The country fill, and toss'd from rock to rock,
 Incessant bleatings run around the hills.
 At last, of snowy white the gather'd flocks
 Are in the wattled pen innumerable press'd, 395
 Head above head, and rang'd in lustrous rows
 The shepherds sit, and whet the sounding shears.
 The housewife waits to roll her fleecy stores,
 With all her gay-drest maids attending round.
 One, chief, in gracious dignity enthron'd, 400
 Shines o'er the rest, the pastoral queen, and rays
 Her smiles, sweat beaming, on her shepherd king,
 While the glad circle round them yield their souls
 To festive mirth, and wit that knows no gall.
 Mean time their joyous task goes on apace ; 405
 Some mingling stir the melted tar, and some
 Deep on the new-thorn vagrant's heaving side
 To stamp his master's cypher ready stand ;
 Others the unwilling wether drag along ;
 And, glorying in his might, the sturdy boy 410
 Heaves by the twisted horns th' indignant ram.
 Behold where bound, and of its robe bereft
 By needy man, that all depending lord,
 How meek, how patient, the mild creature lies !
 What softness in its melancholy face. 415
 What dumb complaining innocence appears !
 Fear not, ye gentle Tribes ! 'tis not the knife

Of horrid slaughter that is o'er you wav'd;
 No, 'tis the tender swain's well-guided shears,
 Who having now, to pay his annual care, 420
 Borrowed your fleece, to you a cumbrous load,
 Will send you bounding to your hills again.

A SIMPLE scene ! yet hence Britannia sees
 Her solid grandeur rise ; hence she commands
 Th' exalted stores of every brighter clime, 425
 The treasures of the sun without his rage :
 Hence, fervent all, with culture, toil, and arts,
 Wide glows her land : her dreadful thunder, hence,
 Rides o'er the waves sublime, and now, even now,
 Impending hangs o'er Gallia's humbled coast ; 430
 Hence rules the circling deep, and awes the world.

'Tis raging noon, and vertical, the sun
 Darts on the head direct his forceful rays.
 O'er heaven and earth, far as the raging eye
 Can sweep, a dazzling deluge reigns, and all 435
 From pole to pole is undistinguish'd blaze.
 In vain the sight, dejected to the ground,
 Stoops for relief ; thence hot-ascending steams,
 And keen reflection, pain. Deep to the root
 Of vegetation parch'd, the cleaving fields 440
 And slippery lawn an arid hue disclose,
 Blast fancy's bloom, and wither even the soul.
 Echo no more returns the cheerful sound
 Of sharpening scythe ; the mower sinking, heaps
 O'er him the humid hay, with flowers perfum'd. 445
 And scarce a chirping grasshopper is heard
 Thro' the dumb mead. Distressful Nature pants.
 The very streams look languid from afar,
 Or thro' th' unshelter'd glade impatient seem
 To hurl into the covert of the grove. 450

ALL-CONQUERING heat ! oh intermit thy wrath !
 And on my throbbing temples, potent thus,

Beam not so fierce ! incessant still you flow,
 And still another fervent flood succeeds,
 Pour'd on the head profuse. In vain I sigh, 455
 And restless turn, and look around for night ;
 Night is far off ; and hotter hours approach.
 Thrice happy he ! who on the sunless side
 Of a romantic mountain, forest-crown'd,
 Beneath the whole collected shade reclines ; 460
 Or in the gelid caverns, woodbine wrought,
 And fresh bedew'd with ever spouting streams,
 Sits coolly calm, while all the world without,
 Unsatisfied, and sick, tosses in noon :
 Emblem instructive of the virtuous man, 465
 Who keeps his temper'd mind serene and pure,
 And every passion aptly harmoniz'd,
 Amid a jarring world with vice inflam'd.

WELCOME, ye Shades ! ye bowery Thickets hail !
 Ye lousy pines ! ye venerable oaks ! 470
 Ye ashes wild, resounding o'er the steep !
 Delicious is your shelter to the soul,
 As to the hunted hart the sallying spring,
 Or stream full-flowing, that his swelling sides
 Laves ; as he floats along the herbag'd brink. 475
 Cool thro' the nerves your pleasing comfort glides ;
 The heart beats glad ; the fresh-expanded eye
 And ear resume their watch ; the sinews knit ;
 And life shoots swift thro' all the lightened limbs.

AROUND th' adjoining brook, that purls along 480
 The vocal grove, now fretting o'er a rock,
 Now scarcely moving thro' a reedy pool,
 Now starting to a sudden stream, and now
 Gently diffus'd into a limpid plain ;
 A various groupe the herds and flocks compose, 485
 Rural confusion ! On the grassy bank
 Some ruminating lie, while others stand
 Half in the flood, and, often bending, sip
 The circling surface. In the middle droops
 The strong laborious ox, of honest front, 490

Which impos'd he shakes, and from his sides
 The troublous insects lashes with his tail,
 Returning still. Amid his subjects safe,
 Slumbers the monarch-swain, his careless arm
 Thrown round his head, on downy moss sustain'd; 495
 Here laid his scrip, with wholesome viands fill'd,
 There, listening every noise, his watchful dog.

LIGHT fly his slumbers, if perchance a flight
 Of angry gad-flies fasten on the herd,
 That startling scatters from the shallow brook, 500
 In search of lavish stream. Tossing the foam,
 They scorn the keeper's voice, and scour the plain
 Thro' all the bright severity of noon;
 While, from their labouring breasts, a hollow moan
 Proceeding, runs low-bellowing round the hills. 505

OFT' in this season, too, the horse, provok'd,
 While his big sinews full of spirits swell,
 Trembling with vigour, in the heat of blood,
 Springs the high fence; and, o'er the field effus'd,
 Darts on the gloomy flood, with stedfast eye, 510
 And heart estrang'd to fear; his nervous chest,
 Luxuriant, and erect, the seat of strength,
 Bears down th' opposing stream: quenchless his thirst;
 He takes the river at redoubled droughts;
 And with wide nostrils, snorting, skims the wave.

STILL let me pierce into the midnight depth 516
 Of yonder grove, of wildest, largest growth;
 That, forming high in air a woodland quire,
 Nods o'er the mount beneath. At every step,
 Solemn and slow, the shadows blacker fall, 520
 And all is awful listening gloom around.

THESE are the haunts of Meditation, these
 The scenes where ancient bards th' inspiring breath,
 Ecstatic, felt; and, from this world retir'd,

Convers'd with angels and immortal forms, 525
 On gracious errands bent, to save the fall
 Of virtue struggling on the brink of vice ;
 In waking whispers, and repeated dreams,
 To hint pure thought, and warn the favour'd soul
 For future trials fated to prepare ; 530
 To prompt the poet, who devoted gives
 His Muse to better themes ; to sooth the pangs
 Of dying worth, and from the patriot's breast
 (Backward to mingle in detested war,
 But foremost when engag'd) to turn the death ; 535
 And numberless such offices of love,
 Daily, and nightly, zealous to perform.

SHOOK sudden from the bosom of the sky,
 A thousand shapes or glide athwart the dusk,
 Or stalk majestic on. Deep-rous'd, I feel 540
 A sacred terror, a severe delight,
 Creep through my mortal frame ; and thus, methinks,
 A voice, than human more, th' abstracted ear
 Of fancy strikes. " Be not of us afraid,
 " Poor kindred Man ! thy fellow-creatures, we 545
 " From the same Parent-power our beings drew,
 " The same our Lord, and laws, and great pursuit.
 " Once some of us, like thee, thro' stormy life,
 " Toil'd, tempest-beaten, ere we could attain
 " This holy calm, this harmony of mind, 550
 " Where purity of peace immingle charms.
 " Then fear not us ; but with responsive song,
 " Amid these dim recesses, undisturb'd
 " By noisy Folly, and discordant Vice,
 " Of Nature sing with us, and Nature's God. 555
 " Here frequent, at the visionary hour,
 " When musing midnight reigns or silent noon,
 " Angelic harps are in full concert heard,
 " And voices chaunting from the wood-crown'd hill,
 " The deepening dale, or inmost silvan glade ; 560
 " A privilege bestow'd by us, alone,

“ On Contemplation, or the hallow’d ear
 “ Of poet, swelling to seraphic strain.”

AND art thou, Stanley *, of that sacred band ?
 Alas, for us too soon !—Tho’ rais’d above 565
 The reach of human pain, above the flight
 Of human joy ; yet, with a mingled ray
 Of sad pleas’d remembrance, must thou feel
 A mother’s love, a mother’s tender woe ;
 Who seeks thee still, in many former scene ; 570
 Seeks thy fair form, thy lovely-beaming eyes,
 Thy pleasing converse, by gay lively sense
 Inspir’d ; where moral wisdom mildly shone,
 Without the toil of art, and virtue glow’d,
 In all her smiles, without forbidding pride. 575
 But, O thou best of Parents ! wipe thy tears ;
 Or rather to Parental Nature pay
 The tears of grateful joy, who for a while
 Lent thee this younger self, this opening bloom
 Of thy enlighten’d mind and gentle worth. 580
 Believe the Muse ; the wintry blast of death
 Kills not the buds of virtue ; no, they spread,
 Beneath the heavenly beam of brighter suns,
 Tho’ endless ages, into higher powers.

THUS up the mount, in airy vision rapt, 585
 I stray, regardless whither ; till the sound
 Of a near fall of water every sense [back,
 Wakes from the charm of thought : swift shrinking
 I check my steps, and view the broken scene.

SMOOTH to the shelving brink a copious flood 590
 Rolls fair, and placid ; where collected all,
 In one impetuous torrent, down the steep
 It thundering shoots, and shakes the country round.

† A Young Lady, well known to the Author, who died at
 the Age of Eighteen, in the Year 1738.

At first, an azure sheet, it rushes broad ;
 Then whitening by degrees, as prone it falls, 595
 And from the loud-resounding rocks below
 Dash'd in a cloud of foam, it sends aloft .
 A hoary mist, and forms a ceaseless shower.
 Nor can the tortur'd wave here find repose ;
 But, raging still amid the shaggy rocks, 600
 Now flashes o'er the scatter'd fragments, now
 Aslant the hollow'd channel rapid darts ;
 And falling fast from gradual slope to slope,
 With wild infracted course, and lessen'd roar,
 It gains a safer bed, and steals, at last, 605
 Along the mazes of a quiet vale.

INVITED from the cliff, to whose dark brow
 He clings, the steep-ascending eagle soars,
 With upward pinions thro' the flood of day ;
 And, giving full his bosom to the blaze, 610
 Gains on the sun ; while all the tuneful race,
 Smit by afflictive noon, disorder'd droop,
 Deep in the thicket ; or, from bower to bower
 Responsive, force an interrupted strain.
 The stock-dove only thro' the forest cooes, 615
 Mournfully hoarse, oft' ceasing from his plaint,
 Short interval of weary woe ! again
 The sad idea of his murder'd mate,
 Struck from his side by savage fowler's guile,
 Across his fancy comes ; and then resounds 620
 A louder song of sorrow thro' the grove.

BESIDE the dewy border let me sit,
 All in the freshness of the humid air ;
 There in that hollow'd rock, grotesque and wild,
 An ample chair moss-lin'd, and over head 625
 By flowering umbrage shaded ; where the bee
 Strays diligent, and with th' extracted balm
 Of fragrant woodbine loads his little thigh.

Now, while I taste the sweetness of the shade,
 While Nature lies around deep lull'd in noon, 630
 Now come, bold Fancy, spread a darting flight,
 And view the wonders of the torrid Zone :
 Climes unrelenting ! with whose rage compar'd,
 Yon' blaze is feeble, and yon' skies are cool.

SEE, how at once the bright-effulgent sun, 635
 Rising direct, swift chafes from the sky
 The short-liv'd twilight ; and with ardent blaze
 Looks gayly fierce o'er all the dazzling air :
 He mounts his throne ; but kind before him sends,
 Issuing from out the portals of the morn, 640
 The general breeze †, to mitigate his fire,
 And breathe refreshment on a fainting world.
 Great are the scenes, with dreadful beauty crown'd
 And barbarous wealth, that see, each circling year,
 Returning suns and double Seasons pass ‡ : 645
 Rocks rich in gems, and mountains big with mines,
 That on the high equator ridgy rise,
 Whence many a bursting stream auriferous plays :
 Majestic woods, of every vigorous green,
 Stage above stage, high-waving o'er the hills ; 650
 Or to the far horizon wide diffus'd,
 A boundless deep immensity of shade.
 Here lofty trees, to ancient song unknown,
 The noble sons of potent heat and floods
 Prone-rushing from the clouds, rear high to heaven 655
 Their thorny stems, and broad around them throw
 Meridian gloom. Here, in eternal prime,
 Unnumber'd fruits, of keen delicious taste
 And vital spirit, drink amid the cliffs,

† Which blows constantly between the tropics from the east, or the collateral points, the north-east and south-east ; caused by the pressure of the rarified air on that before it, according to the diurnal motion of the sun from east to west.

‡ In all climates between the topics, the sun, as he passes and repasses in his annual motion, is twice a-year vertical, which produces this effect.

And burning sands that bank the shrubby vales, 66a
 Redoubled day, yet in their rugged coats
 A friendly juice to cool it's rage contain.

BEAR me, Pomona! to thy citron-groves;
 To where the lemon and the piercing lime,
 With the deep orange, glowing thro' the green, 665
 Their lighter glories blend. Lay me, reclin'd,
 Beneath the spreading tamarind, that shakes
 Fann'd by the breeze, its fever-cooling fruit;
 Deep in the night the massy locust sheds
 Quench my hot limbs, or lead me thro' the maze, 670
 Embowering endless, of the Indian fig;
 Or, thrown at gayer ease on some fair brow,
 Let me behold, by breezy murmurs cool'd,
 Broad o'er my head the verdant cedar wave,
 And high palmetos lift their graceful shade: 675
 Or, stretch'd amid these orchards of the sun,
 Give me to drain the cocoa's milky bowl,
 And from the palm to draw its freshening wine!
 More bounteous far than all the frantic juice
 Which Bacchus pours. Nor on its slender twigs, 680
 Low-bending, be the full pomegranate scorn'd;
 Nor, creeping thro' the woods, the gelid race
 Of berries. Oft' in humble station dwells
 Unboasted worth, above fastidious pomp:
 Witness, thou best anana, thou, the pride 685
 Of vegetable life, beyond whate'er
 The poets imag'd in the Golden Age:
 Quick let me strip thee of thy rusty coat,
 Spread thy ambrosial stores, and feast with Jove!

FROM these the prospect varies. Plains immense
 Lie stretch'd below, interminable meads, 691
 And vast savannahs, where the wand'ring eye,
 Unfixt, is in a verdant ocean lost.
 Another Flora there, of bolder hues,
 And richer sweets, beyond our gardens' pride, 695

Plays o'er the fields, and showers, with sudden hand,
 Exuberant spring; for oft' these vallies shift
 Their green-embroidered robe to fiery brown,
 And swift to green again, as scorching suns
 Or streaming dews and torrent rains prevail. 700

ALONG these lonely regions, where retir'd
 From little scenes of art great Nature dwells
 In awful solitude, and nought is seen
 But the wild herds that own no master's stall,
 Prodigious rivers roll their fatt'ning seas, 705
 On whose luxuriant herbage, half-conceal'd
 Like a fallen cedar, far diffus'd his train,
 Cas'd in green scales, the crocodile extends.
 The flood disparts; behold! in plaited mail
 Behemoth † rears his head. Glanc'd from his side 710
 The darted steel in idle shivers flies;
 He fearless walks the plain or seeks the hills,
 Where, as he crops his varied fare, the herds,
 In widening circle round, forget their food,
 And at the harmless stranger wondering gaze. 715

PEACEFUL beneath primeval trees, that cast
 Their ample shade o'er Niger's yellow stream,
 And where the Ganges rolls his sacred wave,
 Or mid the central depth of blackening woods,
 High-rais'd in solemn theatre around, 720
 Leans the huge elephant, wisest of brutes!
 O truly wise! with gentle might endow'd,
 Tho' powerful, not destructive! here he sees
 Revolving ages sweep the changeeful earth,
 And empires rise and fall, regardless, he, 725
 Of what the never-resting race of men
 Project; thrice happy! could he 'scape their guile,
 Who mine, from cruel avarice, his steps,
 Or with his towery grandeur swell their state,

† The Hippopotamus, or River-Horse.

The pride of kings! or else his strength pervert, 730
 And bid him rage amid the mortal fray,
 Astonish'd at the madness of mankind.

WIDE o'er the winding umbrage of the floods,
 Like vivid blossoms glowing from afar,
 Thick swarm the brighter birds; for Nature's hand,
 That with a sportive vanity has deck'd 736
 The plummy nations, there her gayest hues
 Profusely pours. But if she bids them shine,
 Array'd in all the beauteous beams of day,
 Yet, frugal still, she humbles them in song †. 740
 Nor envy we the gaudy robes they lent
 Proud Montezuma's realm, whose legions cast
 A boundless radiance waving on the sun,
 While Philomel is ours; while in our shades,
 Thro' the soft silence of the listening night, 745
 The sober suited songstresses trills her lay.

BUT come, my Muse! the desert-barrier burst,
 A wild expanse of lifeless sand and sky;
 And, swifter than the toiling caravan,
 Shoot o'er the vale of Sennar; ardent climb 750
 The Nubian mountains, and the secret bounds
 Of jealous Abyssinia boldly pierce.
 Thou art no ruffian, who, beneath the mask
 Of social Commerce, com'st to rob their wealth;
 No holy fury thou, blaspheming Heaven, 755
 With consecrated steel to stab their peace,
 And thro' the land, yet red from civil wounds,
 To spread the purple tyranny of Rome.
 Thou, like the harmless bee, may'st freely range
 From mead to mead, bright with exalted flowers, 760
 From jasmine grove to grove may'st wander gay,

† In all the regions of the Torrid zone, the birds, though more beautiful in their plumage, are observed to be less melodious than ours.

Thro' palmy shades and aromatic woods,
 That grace the plains, invest the peopled hills,
 And up the more than Alpine mountains wave :
 There on the breezy summit spreading fair 765
 For many a league, or on stupendous rocks,
 That from the sun-redoubling valley lift
 Cool to the middle air their lawny tops,
 Where palaces, and fanes, and villas rise,
 And gardens smile around, and cultured fields, 770
 And fountains gush, and careless herds and flocks
 Securely stray, a world within itself,
 Disdaining all assault ; there let me draw
 Ethereal soul, there drink reviving gales,
 Profusely breathing from the spicy groves 775
 And vales of fragrance ; there at distance hear
 The roaring floods and cataracts, that sweep
 From disembowel'd earth the virgin gold,
 And o'er the varied landscape restless rove,
 Fervent with life of every fairer kind ; 780
 A land of wonders ! which the sun still eyes
 With ray direct, as of the lovely realm
 Enamour'd, and delighting there to dwell.

How chang'd the scene ! In blazing height of noon
 The sun, oppress'd, is plung'd in thickest gloom. 785
 Still horror reigns, a dreary twilight round
 Of struggling night and day, malignant mix'd :
 For to the hot equator crowding fast,
 Where, highly rarify'd, the yielding air
 Admits their stream, incessant vapours roll, 790
 Amazing clouds on clouds continual heap'd ;
 Or whirl'd tempestuous by the gusty wind,
 Or silent borne along, heavy and slow,
 With the big stores of steaming oceans charg'd.
 Mean time amid the upper seas, condens'd 795
 Around the cool aerial mountain's brow,
 And by conflicting winds together dash'd,
 The thunder holds his black tremendous throne ;

From cloud to cloud the rending lightnings rage,
 Till, in the furious elemental war 800
 Dissolv'd, the whole precipitated mass
 Unbroken floods and solid torrents pours.

THE treasures these, hid from the bounded search
 Of ancient knowledge, whence with annual pomp
 Rich king of Floods o'erflows the swelling Nile. 805
 From his two springs, in Gojam's sunny realm,
 Pure-welling out, he thro' the lucid lake
 Of fair Dambea rolls his infant-stream :
 There, by the Naiads nurs'd, he sports away
 His playful youth amid the fragrant isles, 810
 That with unfading verdure smile around.
 Ambitious, thence the manly river breaks,
 And gathering many a flood, and copious fed
 With all the mellowed treasures of the sky,
 Winds in progressive majesty along. 815
 Thro' splendid kingdoms now devolves his maze,
 Now wanders wild o'er solitary tracts
 Of life-deserted sand, till, glad to quit
 The joyless desert, down the Nubian rocks
 From thundering steep to steep he pours his urn, 820
 And Egypt joys beneath the spreading wave,

His brother Niger, too, and all the floods
 In which the full-form'd maids of Afric lave
 Their jetty limbs, and all that from the tract
 Of woody mountains stretch'd thro' gorgeous Ind 825
 Fall on Cormandel's coast or Malabar,
 From Menam's † orient stream, that nightly shines
 With insect-lamps, to where Aurora sheds
 On Indus' smiling banks the rosy shower,
 All, at this bounteous season, ope their urns, 830
 And pour untiring harvest o'er the land.

† The river that runs through Siam, on whose banks a vast multitude of those insects called Fire-flies, make a beautiful appearance in the night.

NOR less thy world, Columbus! drinks, refresh'd,
 The lavish moisture of the melting year.
 Wide o'er his isles the branching Oronoque
 Rolls a brown deluge, and the native drives 835
 To dwell aloft on life-sustaining trees,
 At once his dome, his robe, his food, and arms.
 Swell'd by a thousand streams, impetuous hurl'd
 From all the roaring Andes, huge descends
 The mighty Orellana †. Scarce the Muie 840
 Dares stretch her wing o'er this enormous mass
 Of rushing water; scarce she dares attempt
 The sea-like Plata, to whose dread expanse,
 Continuous depth, and wondrous length of course,
 Our floods are rills. With unabated force, 845
 In silent dignity, they sweep along
 And traverse realms unknown, and blooming wilds,
 And fruitful deserts, worlds of solitude,
 Where the sun smiles, and seasons teem, in vain,
 Unseen, and unenjoy'd. Forsaking these, 850
 O'er peopled plains they fair-dissolutive flow,
 And many a nation feed, and circle safe,
 In their soft bosom many a happy isle;
 The seat of blameless Pan, yet undisturb'd
 By Christian crimes and Europe's cruel sons; 855
 Thus pouring on they proudly seek the deep,
 Whose vanquish'd tide, recoiling from the shock,
 Yields to this liquid weight of half the globe,
 And Ocean trembles for his green domain.

BUT what avails this wondrous waste of wealth? 860
 This gay profusion of luxurious blis?
 This pomp of Nature? what their balmy meads,
 Their powerful herbs, and Ceres void of pain?
 By vagrant birds dispers'd, and wafting winds,
 What their unplanted fruits? what the cool draughts,
 Th' ambrosial food, rich gums, and spicy health, 866
 Their forests yield? Their toiling insects what,

† The river of the Amazons.

Their silky pride, and vegetable robes ?
 Ah ! what avail their fatal treasures, hid
 Deep in the bowels of the pitying earth, 870
 Golconda's gems, and sad Potosi's mines,
 Where dwelt the gentlest children of the Sun ?
 What all that Afric's golden rivers roll,
 Her odorous woods, and shining ivory stores ?
 Ill-fated Race ? the softening arts of peace 875
 Whate'er the humanizing Muses teach,
 The godlike wisdom of the tempered breast,
 Progressive Truth, the patient force of thought,
 Investigation calm, whose silent powers
 Command the world, the Light that leads to Heaven,
 Kind equal rule, the government of Laws, 881
 And all-protecting Freedom, which alone
 Sustains the name and dignity of Man,
 These are not theirs. The parent-sun himself
 Seems o'er this world of slaves to tyrannize, 885
 And with oppressive ray the roscat bloom
 Of beauty blasting, gives the gloomy hue
 And feature gross ; or, worse, to ruthless deeds,
 Mad Jealousy, blind Rage, and fell Revenge,
 Their serv'd spirit fires. Love dwells not there ; 890
 The soft regards, the tenderness of life,
 The heart-shed tear, th' ineffable delight
 Of sweet Humanity ; these court the beam
 Of milder climes ; in selfish fierce desire,
 And the wild fury of voluptuous sense, 895
 There lost. The very brute creation there
 This rage partakes, and burns with horrid fire.

Lo ! the green serpent, from his dark abode,
 Which even Imagination fears to tread,
 At noon forth issuing, gathers up his train 900
 In orbs immense, that darting out anew,
 Seeks the refreshing fount, by which diffus'd
 He throws his folds ; and while with threat'ning tongue
 And deathful jaws erect the monster curls

His flaming crest, all other thirst appall'd, 905
 Or shivering flies, or check'd, at distance stands,
 Nor dares approach. But still more direful he,
 The small close-lurking minister of Fate,
 Whose high-concocted venom thro' the veins,
 A rapid lightning darts, arresting swift 910
 The vital current. Form'd to humble man,
 This child of vengeful Nature ! there, sublim'd
 To fearless lust of blood, the savage race
 Roam, licens'd by the shading hour of guilt,
 And foul misdeed, when the pure day has shut 915
 His sacred eye. The tiger, darting fierce,
 Impetuous on the prey his glance has doom'd.
 The lively shining leopard, speckled o'er
 With many a spot, the beauty of the waste ;
 And, scorning all the taming arts of man, 920
 The keen hyæna, fellest of the fell.
 These, rushing from the inhospitable woods
 Of Mauritania, or the tasted isles,
 That verdant rise amid the Lybian wild,
 Innumerable glare around their shaggy king, 925
 Majestic, stalking o'er the printed land ;
 And, with imperious and repeated roars,
 Demand their fated food. The fearful flocks
 Crowd near the guardian swain ; the nobler herds,
 Where round their lordly bull, in rural ease, 930
 They ruminating lie, with horror hear
 The coming rage. Th' awaken'd village starts ;
 And to her fluttering breast the mother strains
 Her thoughtless infant. From the Pirate's den,
 Or stern Morocco's tyrant fang escap'd, 935
 The wretch half wishes for his bonds again :
 While, uproar all, the wilderness resounds,
 From Atlas eastward to the frightened Nile.

UNHAPPY he ! who from the first of joys,
 Society, cut off, is left alone 940
 Amid this world of death. Day after day,

Sad on the jutting eminence he sits,
 And views the main that ever toils below;
 Still fondly forming in the farthest verge,
 Where the round ether mixes with the wave, 945
 Ships, dim-discovered, dropping from the clouds,
 At evening, to the setting sun he turns
 A mournful eye, and down his dying heart
 Sinks helpless; while the wonted roar is up,
 And his continual thro' the tedious night. 950
 Yet here, even here, into these black abodes
 Of monsters unappall'd, from stooping Rome,
 And guilty Cæsar, Liberty retir'd,
 Her Cato following thro' Numidian wilds:
 Disdainful of Campania's gentle plains, 955
 And all the green delights Ausonia pours;
 When for them she must bend the servile knee,
 And fawning take the splendid robber's boon.

NOR stop the terrors of those regions here,
 Commission'd demons oft, angels of wrath, 960
 Let loose the raging elements. Breath'd hot,
 From all the boundless furnace of the sky,
 And the wide glut'ring waste of burning land,
 A suffocating wind the pilgrim smites
 With instant death. Patient of thirst and toil, 965
 Son of the desert! even the camel feels,
 Shot thro' his withered heart, the fiery blast.
 Or from the black red ether bursting broad,
 Sallies the sudden whirlwind. Straight the sands,
 Commov'd around, in gath'ring eddies play: 970
 Nearer and nearer still they darkening come;
 Till, with the general all-involving storm
 Swept up, the whole continuous wilds arise;
 And by their noon-day fount dejected thrown,
 Or sunk at night in sad disastrous sleep, 975
 Beneath descending hills, the caravan
 Is buried deep. In Cairo's crowded streets,

Th' impatient merchant, wondering waits in vain,
And Necca saddens at the long delay.

BUT chief at sea, whose every flexile wave 980
Obeys the blast, and aerial tumult swells.
In the dread ocean, undulating wide,
Beneath the radiant line that girts the globe,
The circling Typhon†, whirl'd from point to point,
Exhausting all the rage of all the sky, 985
And dire Ecnephia† reign. Amid the heavens,
Falsely serene, deep in a cloudy speck ‡
Compress'd, the mighty tempest brooding dwells.
Of no regard, save to the skilful eye ;
Fiery and foul, the small prognostic hangs 990
Aloft, or on the promontory's brow
Musters its force. A faint deceitful calm,
A flutt'ring gale, the demon sends before,
To tempt the spreading sail. Then down at once,
Precipitant, descends a mingled mass 995
Of roaring winds, and flame, and rushing floods.
In wild amazement fix'd the sailor stands.
Art is too slow. By rapid fate oppress'd,
His broad-wing'd vessel drinks the whelming tide,
Hid in the bosom of the black abyss 1000
With such mad seas the daring Gama§ fought,
For many a day, and many a dreadful night,
Incessant, lab'ring round the stormy Cape ;
By bold ambition led, and bolder thirst
Of gold. For then from ancient gloom emerg'd 1005
The rising world of trade ; the Genius, then,
Of navigation, that, in hopeless sloth,
Had slumber'd on the vast Atlantic deep

† Typhon and Ecnephia, names of particular storms or hurricanes, known only between the tropics.

‡ Called by sailors the Ox-eye, being in appearance, at first no bigger.

§ Vasco de Gama, the first who sailed round Africa, by the Cape of Good Hope, to the East-Indies.

For idle ages, starting, heard at last
 The Lusitanian Prince†; who, heaven-inspir'd, 1010
 To love of useful glory rous'd mankind,
 And in unbounded commerce mix'd the world.

INCREASING still the terrors of these storms,
 His jaws horrific arm'd with threefold fate,
 Here dwells the direful shark. Lur'd by the scent
 Of steaming crowds, of rank disease, and death, 1016
 Behold! he rushing cuts the briny flood,
 Swift as the gale can bear the ship along;
 And from the partners of that cruel trade
 Which spoils unhappy Guinea of her sons, 1020
 Demands his share of prey, demands themselves.
 The stormy fates descend: one death involves
 Tyrants and slaves; when straight, their mangled limbs
 Crashing at once, he dyes the purple seas
 With gore, and riots in the vengeful meal. 1025

WHEN o'er this world, by equinoctial rains
 Flooded immense, looks out the joyless sun,
 And draws the copious steam: from swampy fens,
 Where putrefaction into life ferments,
 And breathes destructive myriads; or from woods,
 Impenetrable shades, recesses foul, 1031
 In vapours rank and blue corruption wrapt,
 Whose gloomy horrors yet no desperate foot
 Has ever dar'd to pierce; then, wasteful, forth
 Walks the dire power of pestilent disease. 1035
 A thousand hideous fiends her course attend,
 Sick Nature blasting, and to heartless woe,
 And feeble desolation, casting down
 The tow'ring hopes and all the pride of man:
 Such as, of late, at Carthagea quench'd 1040

† Don Henry, third son to John the first, King of Portugal.
 His strong genius to the discovery of new countries was the
 chief source of all the modern improvements in navigation.

The British fire. You, gallant Vernon! saw
 The miserable scene; you, pitying, saw
 To infant-weakness sunk the warrior's arm;
 Saw the deep-racking pang, the ghastly form,
 The lip pale-quivering, and the beamless eye, 1045
 No more with ardour bright: you heard the groans
 Of agonizing ships from shore to shore;
 Heard nightly plung'd amid the sullen waves
 The frequent corse, while on each other fix'd,
 In sad presage, the blank assistants seem'd, 1050
 Silent, to ask whom Fate would next demand.

WHAT need I mention those inclement skies
 Where, frequent o'er the sickening city Plague,
 The fiercest child of Nemesis divine,
 Descends? From Ethiopia's poisoned woods †, 1055
 From stifled Cairo's filth, and fetid fields
 With locust-armies putrefying heap'd,
 This great destroyer sprung. Her awful rage
 The brutes escape; man is her destin'd prey,
 Intemperate man! and o'er his guilty domes 1060
 She draws a close incumbent cloud of death,
 Uninterrupted by the living winds,
 Forbid to blow a wholesome breeze, and stain'd
 With many a mixture by the sun, suffus'd,
 Of angry aspect. Princely Wisdom, then, 1065
 Dejects his watchful eye, and from the hand
 Of feeble Justice, ineffectual, drop
 The sword and balance; mute the voice of Joy,
 And hush'd the clamour of the busy world:
 Empty the streets, with uncouth verdure clad; 1070
 Into the wort of deserts sudden turn'd
 The cheerful haunt of men; unless escap'd
 From the doom'd house where matchless Horror reigns,
 Shut up by barbarous Fear, the smitten wretch,

† These are the causes supposed to be the first origin of the plague, in Dr Mead's elegant book on that subject.

With frenzy wild, breaks loose, and, loud to heaven
 Screaming, the dreadful policy arraigns, 1076
 Inhuman, and unwise. The sudden door,
 Yet uninfected, on its cautious hinge
 Fearing to turn, abhors society.
 Dependents, friends, relations, Love himself, 1080
 Savag'd by woe, forget the tender tie,
 The sweet engagements of the feeling heart.
 But vain their selfish care ; the circling sky,
 The wide enlivening air, is full of fate ;
 And, struck by turns, in solitary pangs 1085
 They fall unblest, untended, and unmourn'd.
 Thus o'er the prostrate city black Despair
 Extends her raven wing, while, to complete
 The scene of desolation, stretch'd around
 The grim guards stand, denying all retreat, 1090
 And give the flying wretch a better death.

Much yet remains unsung ; the rage intense
 Of brazen vaulted skies, of iron fields,
 Where drought and famine starve the blasted year ;
 Fir'd by the torch of Noon to tenfold rage, 1095
 The infuriate hill, that shoots the pillar'd flame ;
 And, rous'd within the subterranean world,
 Th' expanding earthquake, that resistless shakes
 Aspiring cities from their solid base,
 And buries mountains in the flaming gulf. 1100
 But 'tis enough ; return, my vagrant Muse,
 A nearer scene of horror calls thee home.

BEHOLD ! slow-settling o'er the lurid grove
 Unusual darkness broods, and growing, gains
 The full possession of the sky, surcharg'd 1105
 With wrathful vapour, from the secret beds
 Where sleep the mineral generations drawn.
 Thence nitre, sulphur, and the fiery spume
 Of fat bitumen, steaming on the day,
 With various tinctur'd trains of latent flame 1110

Pollute the sky,, and in yon baleful cloud,
 A reddening gloom, a magazine of fate,
 Ferment ; till, by the touch etherial rous'd,
 The dash of clouds, or irritating war
 Of fighting winds, while all is calm below, 1115
 They furious spring. A boding silence reigns,
 Dread thro' the dun expanse ; save the dull sound
 That from the mountain previous to the storm,
 Rolls o'er the muttering earth, disturbs the flood,
 And shakes the forest-leaf without a breath. 1120
 Prone, to the lowest vale, the aerial tribes
 Descend : the tempest-loving raven scarce
 Dares wing the dubious dusk. In rueful gaze
 The cattle stand, on the scouling heavens
 Cast a deploring eye : by man forlook, 1125
 Who to the crouded cottage hies him fast,
 Or seeks the shelter of the downward cave.

'Tis listening fear, and dumb amazement all :
 When to the startling eye the sudden glance
 Appears far south, eruptive thro' the cloud ; 1130
 And following slower, in explosion vast,
 The thunder raises his tremendous voice.
 At first, heard solemn o'er the verge of heaven,
 The tempest growls ; but as it nearer comes,
 And rolls its awful burden on the wind, 1135
 The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more
 The noise astounds ; till over head a sheet
 Of livid flame discloses wide, then shuts
 And opens wider, shuts and opens still
 Expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze. 1140
 Follows the loosen'd aggravated roar,
 Enlarging, deepening, mingling, peal on peal
 Crush'd horrible, convulsing heaven and earth.

Down comes a deluge of sonorous hail, 1144
 Or prone-descending rain. Wide-rent, the clouds,
 Pour a whole flood ; and yet, it flames unquench'd ;

Th' unconquerable lightning struggles thro',
 Ragged and fierce, or in red whirling balls,
 And fires the mountains with redoubling rage. 1149
 Black from the stroke, above, the smouldring pine
 Stands a sad shatter'd trunk; and, stretch'd below,
 A lifeless groupe the blasted cattle lie;
 Here the soft flocks, with that same harmless look
 They wore alive, and ruminating still 1154
 In fancy's eye; and there the frowning bull,
 And ox half-rais'd. Struck on the castled cliff,
 The venerable tower and spiry fane
 Resign their aged pride. The gloomy woods
 Start at the flash, and from their deep recess,
 Wide-flaming out, their trembling inmates shake.
 Amid *Garscarvon's* mountains rages loud. 1161
 The repercussive roar: with mighty crush,
 Into the flashing deep, from the rude rocks
 Of *Penmanmaur* heap'd hideous to the sky,
 Tumble the smitten cliffs; and *Snowden's* peak,
 Dissolving, instant yields his wintry road. 1166
 Far seen, the heights of heathy *Cheviot* blaze,
 And *Thule* bellows thro' her utmost isles.

GUILT hears appall'd, with deeply troubled thought;
 And yet not always on the guilty head 1170
 Defeneds the fated flash. Young *CELADON*
 And his *AMELIA* were a matchless pair,
 With equal virtue form'd, and equal grace,
 The same, distinguish'd by their sex alone:
 Hers the mild lustre of the blooming morn, 1175
 And his the radiance of the risen day.

THEY lov'd. But such their guileless passion was,
 As in the dawn of time inform'd the heart
 Of innocence, and undissembling truth.
 'Twas friendship heighten'd by the mutual wish, 1180
 Th' enchanting hope, symphathetic glow,
 Beam'd from the mutual eye. Devoting all

To love, each was to each a dearer self;
 Supremely happy in th' awaken'd power
 Of giving joy. Alone, amid the shades, 1185
 Still in harmonious intercourse they liv'd
 The rural day, and talk'd the flowing heart,
 Or sigh'd, and look'd unutterable things.

So pass'd their life, a clear united stream,
 By care unruffled, till, in evil hour, 1190
 The tempest caught them on the tender walk,
 Heedless how far, and where its mazes stray'd,
 While, with each other blest, creative love
 Still bade eternal *Eden* smile around.
 Heavy with instant fate her bosom heav'd 1195
 Unwonted sighs, and stealing oft a look
 Of the big gloom, on *CELADON* her eye
 Fell tearful, wetting her disorder'd cheek.
 In vain assuring love; and confidence
 In *HEAVEN* repress'd her fear; it grew, and shook
 Her frame near dissolution. He perceiv'd 1201
 Th' unequal conflict, and as angels look
 On dying saints, his eyes compassion shed.
 With love illumin'd high. "Fear not, he said,
 " Sweet innocence! thou stranger to offence, 1204
 " And inward storm! HE, who yon skies involves
 " In frowns of darkness, ever smiles on thee,
 " With kind regard. O'er thee the secret shaft
 " That wastes at midnight, or th' undreaded hour
 " Of noon, flies harmless: and that very voice,
 " Which thunders terror thro' the guilty heart,
 " With tongues of seraphs whispers peace to thine.
 " 'Tis safety to be near thee sure, and thus 1212
 " To clasp perfection!" From his void embrace,
 (Mysterious heaven!) that moment, to the ground,
 A blacken'd corse, was struck the beauteous maid.
 But who can paint the lover, as he stood, 1216
 Pierc'd by severe amazement, hating life,
 Speechless, and fix'd in all the death of woe!

So, faint resemblance, on the marble-tomb,
The well-dissembled mourner stooping stands, 1220
For ever silent, and for ever sad.

As from the face of heaven the shatter'd clouds
Tumultuous rove, the interminable sky
Sublimar swells, and o'er the world expands
A purer azure. Nature, from the storm, 1225
Shines out afresh: and thro' the lighten'd air
A higher luster and a clearer calm,
Diffusive, tremble; while, as if in sign
Of danger past, glittering robe of joy,
Set off abundant by the yellow ray 1230
Invelts the fields, yet dropping from distress.

'Tis beauty all, and grateful song around,
Join'd to the low of kine, and numerous bleat
Of flocks thick-nibbling thro' the clover'd vale.
And shall the hymn be marr'd by thankless man,
Most-favour'd; who with voice articulate 1236
Should lead the chorus of this lower world?
Shall he, so soon forgetful of the hand
That hush'd the thunder, and serenest the sky.
Extinguish'd feel that spark the tempest wak'd,
'That sense of powers exceeding far his own, 1241
Ere yet his feeble heart has lost his fears?

CHEAR'D by the milder beam, the sprightly youth
Speeds to the well known pool, whose crystal depth
A sandy bottom shews. A while he stands 1245
Gazing th' inverted landscape, half afraid
To meditate the blue profound below;
'Then plunges headlong down the circling flood.
His ebon tresses, and his rosy cheek
Instant emerge; and thro' th' obedient wave, 1250
At each short breathing by his lip repell'd,
With arms and legs according well, he makes,
As humour leads, an easy winding path;

While, from his polish'd sides, a dewy light
Effuses on the pleas'd spectators round.

1255

THIS is the purest exercise of health,
The kind refresher of the summer heats ;
Nor, when cold winter keens the brightening flood,
Would I weak shivering linger on the brink,
Thus life redoubles, and is oft preserv'd, 1260
By the bold swimmer, in the swift illapse
Of accident distasteful. Hence the limbs
Knit into force ; and the same *Roman* arm,
That rose victorious o'er the conquer'd earth,
First learn'd, while tender, to subdue the wave,
Even, from the body's purity, the mind 1266
Receives a secret sympathetic aid.

CLOSE in the covert of an hazel copse,
Where winded into pleasant solitudes
Runs out the rambling dale, young *DAMON* sat,
Pensive, and pierc'd with love's delightful pangs.
There to the stream that down the distant rocks
Hoarse-murmuring fell, and plaintive breeze that play'd
Among the bending willows, falsely he 1274
Of *MUSIDORA*'s cruelty complain'd.
She felt his flame ; but deep within her breasts,
In bashful coyness, or in maiden pride,
The soft return conceal'd : save when it stole
In side-long glances from her downcast eye,
Or from her swelling soul in stifled sighs. 1280
Touch'd by the scene, no stranger to his vows,
He fram'd a melting lay, to try her heart ;
And, if an infant passion struggled there,
To call that passion forth. Thrice happy swain !
A lucky chance, that oft decides the fate 1285
Of mighty monarchs, then decided thine.
For lo ! conducted by the laughing loves,
This cool retreat his *MUSIDORA* sought :
Warm in her cheek the sultry season glow'd ;

And, rob'd in loose array, she came to bathe 1290
 Her fervent limbs in the refreshing stream.
 What shall he do? In sweet confusion lost,
 And dubious flutterings, he a while remain'd.
 A pure ingenious elegance of soul,
 A delicate refinement, known to few, 1295
 Perplex'd his breast, and urg'd him to retire.
 But love forbade. Ye prudes in virtue, say,
 Say, ye severest, what would you have done?
 Meantime, this fairer nymph than ever blest
Arcadian stream, with timid eye around 1300
 The banks surveying, strip'd her beauteous limbs,
 To taste the lucid coolness of the flood.
 Ah then! not *Paris* on the piny top
 Of *Ida* panted stronger, when aside
 The rival-goddeses the veil divine 1305
 Cast unconfin'd, and gave him all their charms,
 Than, *DAMON*, thou; as from the snowy leg,
 And slender foot, th' inverted silk she drew;
 As the soft touch dissolv'd the virgin Zone;
 And, thro' the parting robe, th' alternate breast,
 With youth wild-throbbing, on thy lawless gaze
 In full luxuriance rose. But, desperate youth, 1312
 How durst thou risque the soul distracting view;
 As from her naked limbs, of glowing white,
 Harmonious swell'd by Nature's finest hand,
 In folds loose-floating sell the fainter lawn;
 And fair expos'd she stood, shrunk from herself,
 With fancy blushing, at the doubtful breeze 1318
 Alarm'd, and starting like the fearful fawn?
 Then to the flood she rush'd; the parted flood
 Its lovely guest with closing waves receiv'd;
 And every beauty sofning, every grace
 Flushing anew, a mellow lustre shed: 1223
 As shines the lily thro' the crystal mild;
 Or as the rose amid the morning dew,
 Fresh from *Aurora's* hand, more sweetly glows.
 While thus she wanton'd, now beneath the wave

But ill-conceal'd ; and now with streaming locks,
 That half embrac'd her in a humid veil,
 Rising again, the latent DAMON drew 1330
 Such madning draughts of beauty to the soul,
 As for a while o'erwhelm'd his raptur'd thought
 With luxury too-daring. Check'd, at last,
 By love's respectful modesty, he deem'd
 The theft profane, if aught profane to love 1335
 Can e'er be deem'd, and, struggling from the shade,
 With headlong hurry fled : but first these lines,
 Trac'd by his ready pencil, on the bank,
 With trembling hand he threw. " Bathe on, my fair,
 " Yet unbeheld, safe by the sacred eye 1340
 " Of faithful love. I go to guard thy haunt,
 " To keep from thy recess each vagrant foot,
 " And each licentious eye." With wild surprize,
 As if to marble struck, devoid of sense,
 A stupid moment motionless she stood : 1345
 So stands the † statue that enchants the world,
 So bending tries to veil the matchless boast,
 'The mingled beauties of exulting *Greece*.
 Recovering, swift she flew to find those robes
 Which blissful *Eden* knew not ; and array'd 1350
 In careless haste, th' alarming paper snatch'd.
 But, when her DAMON's well-known hand she saw,
 Her terrors vanish'd, and a softer train
 Of mixt emotions, hard to be describ'd,
 Her sudden bosom seiz'd : shame void of guilt, 1355
 The charming blush of innocence, esteem
 And admiration of her lovers flame,
 By modesty exalted. Even a sense
 Of self-approving beauty stole across
 Her busy thought. At length, a tender calm 1360
 Hush'd by degrees the tumult of her soul ;
 And on the spreading beech, that o'er the stream
 Incumbent hung, she with the silvan pen

† The Venus of Medici.

Of rural lovers this confession carv'd,
 Which soon her DAMON kiss'd with weeping joy.
 " Dear youth ! sole judge of what these verses mean,
 " By fortune too much favour'd, but by love,
 " Alas ! not favour'd less, be still as now 1388
 " Discreet ; the time may come you need not fly,"

THE sun has lost his rage : his downward orb
 Shoots nothing now but animating warmth,
 And vital lustre ; that, with various ray,
 Lights up the clouds, those beauteous robes of heaven,
 Incessant roll'd into romantic shapes,
 The dream of waking fancy ! broad below, 1395
 Cover'd with ripening fruits, and swelling fast
 Into the perfect year, the pregnant earth
 And all her tribes rejoice. Now the soft hour
 Of walking comes : for him who lonely loves
 To seek the distant hills, and there converse 1400
 With Nature ; there to harmonize his heart,
 And in pathetic song to breathe around
 Attun'd to happy unison of soul ;
 To whose exalting eye a fairer world,
 Of which the vulgar never had a glimpse, 1405
 Displays its charms ; whose minds are richly fraught
 With philosophic stores, superior light ;
 And in whose breast, enthusiastic, burns
 Virtue, the sons of interest deem romance ;
 Now call'd abroad enjoy the falling day : 1410
 Now to the verdant *Portico* of woods,
 To Nature's vast *Lyceum*, forth they walk
 By that kind *School* where no proud master reigns,
 The full free converse of the friendly heart,
 Improving and improv'd. Now from the world,
 Sacred to sweet retirement, lovers steal 1416
 And pour their souls in transport, which the SIRE
 Of love approving hears, and *calls it good*,
 Which way, AMANDA, shall we bend our course ?
 The choice perplexes. Wherefore should we chuse ?

Along the streams? or walk the smiling mead?
 Or court the forest-glades! or wander wild 1422
 Among the waving harvests? or ascend,
 While radiant summer opens all its pride,
 Thy hill, delightful † *Shene* & Here let us sweep
 The boundless landscape: now the raptur'd eye,
 Exulting swift, to huge *AUGUSTA* send 1427
 Now to the † *Sister Hills* that skirt her plain,
 To lofty *Harrow* now, and now to where
 Majestic *Windſor* lifts his princely brow.
 In lovely contrast to this glorious view
 Calmly magnificent, then will we turn 1432
 To where the silver Thames first rural grows.
 There let the feasted eye unwearied stray:
 Luxurious, there, rove thro' the pendent woods
 That nodding hang o'er Harrington's retreat:
 And, stepping thence to *Ham's* embow'ring walks,
 With her the pleasing partner of his heart, 1438
 The worthy *Queensb'ry* yet laments his Gay,
 And polish'd *Cornbury* wooes the willing Muse,
 Slow let us trace the matchless Vale of Thames;
 Fair-winding up to where the Muses haunt
 In *Twit'-nam's* bowr's, and for their Pope implore
 The healing God; to royal *Hampton's* pile, 1444
 To *Glermont's* terrais'd height, and *Esſer's* groves,
 Where in the sweetest solitude, embrac'd
 By the soft windings of the silent *Mole*.
 From courts and ſenates *Pelham* finds repose.
 Inchanting vale! beyond whate'er the Muse
 Has of *Achaia* or *Hesperia* sung! 1450
 O vale of bliss! O loftly-swelliſg hills!
 On which the power of *Cultivation* lies,
 And joys to ſee the wonders of his toil,

† The old name of Richmond, ſignifying in Saxton Shining, or Splendor.

† Highgate and Hamſtead.

HEAVEN's! what a goodly prospect spreads around,
 Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,
 And giitt'ring towns, and gilded streams, till all
 The stretching landskip into smoke decays? 1457
 Happy Britannia! where the Queen of Arts,
 Inspiring vigour, Liberty abroad
 Walks, unconfin'd, even to thy farthest cotts,
 And scatters plenty with unsparing hand.

RICH is thy soil, and merciful thy clime; 1462
 Thy streams unfailing in the summer's draught;
 Unmatch'd thy guardian-oaks; thy valleys float
 With golden waves; and on thy mountains flocks
 Bleat numberless; while, roving round their sides,
 Bellow the blackening herds in lusty droves. 1467
 Beneath, thy meadows glow, and rise unquell'd
 Against the mower's scythe. On every hand,
 Thy villas shine. Thy country teems with wealth;
 And property assures it to the swain,
 Pleas'd, and unweary'd, in his guarded toil. 1472

FULL are thy cities with the sons of art;
 And trade and joy, in every busy street,
 Mingling are heard: even drudgery himself,
 As at the car he sweats, or dusty hews
 The palace-stone, looks gay. Thy crouded ports.
 Where rising masts an endless prospect yield,
 With labour burn, and echo to the shouts
 Of hurry'd sailor, as the hearty waves 1480
 His last adieu, and loosening every sheet,
 Resigns the spreading vessel to the wind.

BOLD, firm and graceful, are thy generous youth,
 By hardship sinew'd, and by danger fir'd, 1484
 Scattering the nations where they go; and first
 Or in the lifted plain, or stormy seas
 Mild are thy glories too, as o'er the plans

Of thriving peace thy thoughtful fires preside ;
 In genius, and substantial learning, high ;
 For every virtue, every worth, renown'd 1490
 Sincere, plain-hearted, hospitable, kind ,
 Yet like the muttering thunder when provok'd,
 The dread of tyrants, and the sole resource
 Of those that under grim oppression groan,

THY Sons of Glory many ! Alfred thine, 1495
 In whom the splendor of heroic war,
 And more heroic peace, when govern'd well,
 Combine ; whose hallow'd name the virtues saint,
 And his own muses love, the best of Kings.
 With him thy Edwards and thy Henrys shine, 1500
 Names dear to fame ; the first who deep impress'd
 On haughty *Gaul* the terror of thy arms,
 That awes her genius still. In Statesmen thou,
 And *Patriots*, fertile. Thine a steady More,
 Who, with a generous tho' mistaken zeal, 1505
 Withstood a brutal tyrant's useful rage.
 Like Cato firm, like Aristides just,
 Like rigid Cincinnatus nobly poor,
 A dauntless soul erect, who smil'd on death.
 Frugal, and wise, a Walsingham is thine ; 1510
 A Drake, who made thee mistress of the deep,
 And bore thy name in thunder round the world.
 Then flam'd thy spirit high : but who can speak
 The numerous worthies of the Maiden Reign ?
 In Raleigh mark their every glory mix'd, 1515
 Raleigh, the scourge of *Spain* ! whose breast with all
 The sage, the patriot, and the hero burn'd.
 Nor sunk his vigour, when a coward-reign
 The warrior fetter'd, and at last resign'd,
 To glut the vengeance of a vanquish'd foe. 1520
 Then, active still and unrestrain'd, his mind
 Explor'd the vast extent of ages past,
 And with his prison-hours enrich'd the world ;
 Yet found no times, in all the long research,

So glorious, or so base, as those he prov'd, 1525
 In which he conquer'd, and in which he bled.
 Nor can the muse the gallant Sidney pass,
 The plume of war ! with early laurels crown'd,
 The lover's myrtle, and the poets bay.
 A Hampden too is thine, illustrious land, 1530
 Wise, strenuous, firm, of unsubmitting soul,
 Who stem'd the torrent of a downward age
 To slavery prone, and bade thee rise again,
 In all thy native pomp of freedom bold.
 Bright, at his call, thy age of men effulg'd, 1535
 Of men on whom late time a kindling eye
 Shall turn, and tyrants tremble while they read.
 Bring every sweetest flower, and let me strew
 The grave where Russel lies ; whose temper'd blood
 With calmest cheerfulness for thee resign'd. 1540
 Stain'd the sad annals of a giddy reign ;
 Aiming at lawless power, tho, meanly sunk
 In loose inglorious luxury. With him
 His friend, the † British Cassius, fearless bled
 Of high determin'd spirit, roughly brave, 1545
 By antient learning to the enlighten'd love
 Of antient freedom warm'd. Fair thy renown
 In awful Sages and in noble Bards ;
 Soon as the light of dawning science spread
 Her orient ray, and wak'd the Muse's song. 1550
 Thine is a Bacon, hapless in his choice ;
 Unfit to stand the civil storm of state,
 And thro' the smooth barbarity of courts,
 With firm but pliant virtue, forward still
 To urge his course. Him for the studious shade 1555
 Kind Nature form'd, deep, comprehensive, clear,
 Exact, and elegant ; in one rich soul,
 Plato, the Stagyrte, and Tully join'd.
 The great deliverer he ! who from the gloom
 Of cloister'd monks, and jargon teaching schools,

† Algernon Sidney.

Led forth the true philosophy, there long 1561
 Held in the magic chain of words and forms,
 And definitions void : he led her forth,
 Daughter of Heaven ! that slow-ascending still,
 Investigating sure the chain of things, 1565
 With ardiant finger points to Heaven again.
 The generous † Ashley thine, the friend of man ;
 Who scann'd his Nature with a brother's eye,
 His weakness prompt to shade, to raise his aim,
 To touch the finer movements of the mind, 1570
 and with the moral beauty charm the heart.
 Why need I name thy Boyle, whose pious search
 Amid the dark recesses of his works,
 The great Creator sought ? And why thy Locke,
 Who made the whole internal world his own ? 1575
 Let Newton, *pura intelligence*, whom God
 To mortals lent, to trace his boundless works
 From laws sublimely simple, speak thy fame
 In all philosophy. For lofty sense,
 Creative fancy, and inspection keen 1580
 Thro' the deep windings of the human heart,
 Is not wild Shakespear thine and Nature's boast ?
 Is not each great, each amiable Muse
 Of classic ages in thy Milton met ?
 A genius universal as his theme, 1585
 Astonishing as chaos, as the bloom
 Of blowing Eden fair, as heaven sublime.
 Nor shall my verse that elder bard forget,
 The gentle Spencer, fancy's pleasing son ;
 Who, like a copious river, pour'd his song ; 1590
 Over all the mazes of enchanted ground :
 Nor thee, his antient master, laughing sage,
 Chaucer, whose native manners-painting verse,
 Well moralized, shines thro' the gothic cloud
 Of time and language over his genius thrown. 1595

† Anthony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury.

MAY thy song soften, as thy Daughters I,
 Britannia, hail ! for beauty is their own,
 The feeling heart, simplicity of life,
 And elegance, and taste : the faultless form,
 Shaped by the hand of harmony ; the cheek, 1600
 Where the live crimson, thro' the native white
 Soft-shooting, over the face diffuses bloom,
 And every nameless grace ; the parted lip,
 Like the red rose-bud moist with morning dew
 Breathing delight ; and, under flowing jet, 1605
 Or sunny ringlets, or of circling brown,
 The neck slight-shaded, and the swelling breast ;
 The look resistless, piercing to the soul,
 And by the soul informed, when drest in love
 She sits high-smiling in the conscious eye. 1610

ISLAND of bliss ! amid the subject seas,
 That thunder round thy rocky coasts, set up,
 At once the wonder, terror and delight,
 Of distant nations ; whose remotest shore
 Can soon be shaken by the naval arm, 1615
 Not to be shook thy self, but all assaults
 Baffling, like thy hoar cliffs the loud sea wave.

O thou ! by whose almighty Nod the scale
 Of empire rises, or alternate falls,
 Send forth the saving Virtues round the land, 1620
 In bright patrol : white peace, and social love ;
 The tender looking charity, intent
 On gentle deeds, and shedding tears thro' smiles ;
 Undaunted truth, and dignity of mind ;
 Courage compos'd, and keen ; sound temperance,
 Healthful in heart and look : clear chastity 1626
 With blushes reddening as she moves along,
 Disordered at the deep regard she draws ;
 Rough industry ; Activity untired,
 With copious life informed, and all awake : 1630
 While in the radiant front, superior shines

That first paternal virthe, *public zeal*,
 Who throws over all an equal wide survey,
 And, ever musing on the common weal,
 Still labours glorious with some great design. 1635

Low walks the sun, and broadens by degrees,
 Just o'er the verge of day. The shifting clouds
 Assembled gay, a richly gorgeous train,
 In all their pomp attend his setting throne.
 Air, earth and ocean smile immense. And now,
 As if his weary chariot sought the bowers 1641
 Of Amphitrite, and her tending nymphs,
 (So Grecian fable sung) he dips his orb;
 Now half-immers'd; and now a golden curve
 Gives one bright glance, then total disappears.

For ever running an enchanted round, 1646
 Passes the day, deceitful, vain, and void;
 As fleets the vision over the formful brain,
 This moment hurrying wild th' impassioned soul,
 The next is nothing lost. 'Tis so him, 1650
 The dreamer of this earth, an idle blank:
 A sight of horror to the cruel wretch,
 Who all day long in sordid pleasure rolled,
 Himself an useleſs load, has squandered vile,
 Upon his scoundrel train, what might have cheared
 A drooping family of modest worth. 1656
 But to the gen'rous still improving mind,
 That gives the hopeless heart to sing for joy,
 Diffusing kind beneficence around,
 Boatleſs, as now descends the silent dew; 1660
 To him the long review of order'd life
 Is inward rapture only to be felt.

CONFESS'd from yonder slow-extinguish'd clouds,
 All ether soft'ning, sober Evening takes
 Her wonted station in the middle air; 1665
 A thousand shadows at her beck. First this
 She sends on earth; than that of deeper dye,
 Steals soft behind; and then a deeper still,

In circle following circle, gathers round,
 To close the face of things. A fresher gale
 Begins to wave the wood, and stir the stream, 1670
 Sweeping with shadowy gusts the fields of corn ;
 While the quail clamours for his running mate.
 Wide o'er the thistly lawn, as swells the breeze,
 A whitening shower of vegetable down
 Amusive floats. The kind impartial care 1675
 Of Nature nought disdains : thoughtful to feed
 Her lowest sons, and clothe the coming year,
 From field to field the feather'd seeds she wings.

His folded flock secure, the shepherd home
 Hies, mery-hearted ; and by turns relieves 1580
 The ruddy milk-maid of her brimming pail ;
 The beauty whom perhaps his witless heart,
 Unknowing what the joy-mixt anguish means,
 Sincerely loves, by that best language shewn
 Of cordial glances, and obliging deeds. 1685
 Onward they pass, o'er, many a panting height,
 And valley sunk, and unfrequented, where
 At fall of eve the fairy people throng,
 In various game, and revelry, to pass
 The summer-night, as village stories tell. 1690
 But far about they wander from the grave
 Of him, whom his ungentle fortune urg'd
 Against his own sad breast to lift the hand
 Of impious violence. The lonely tower
 Is also shunn'd ; whose mournful chambers hold,
 So night struck fancy dreams, the yelling ghost

AMONG the crooked lanes, on every hedge,
 The glow-worm lights his gem ; and thro the dark,
 A moving radiance twinkles. *Evening* yields
 The world to night ; not in her winter-robe 1700
 Of massy Stygian woof, but loose array'd
 In mantle dun. A faint erroneous ray,
 Glanc'd from the imperfect surfaces of things,

Flings half an image on the straining eye ;
 While wavering woods, and villages, and streams,
 And rocks, and mountain-tops, that long retained
 The ascending gleam, are all one swimming scene,
 Uncertain if beheld. Sudden to heaven
 Thence weary vision turns ; where, leading soft
 The silent hours of love, with purest ray 1710
 Sweet *Venus* shines ; and from her genial rise,
 When day-light sickens till it springs afresh,
 Unrival'd reigns, the fairest lamp of night.
 As thus the effulgence tremulous I drink,
 With cherished gaze, the lambent lightnings shoot
 Across the sky ; or horizontal dart, 1715
 In wondrous shapes : by fearful murmuring crouds
 Portentous deem'd. Amid the radiant orbs,
 That more than deck, that animate the sky,
 The life-infusing suns of other worlds ; 1720
 Lo ! from the dread immensity of space
 Returning, with accelerated course,
 The rushing comet to the sun descends ;
 And as he sinks below the shading earth,
 With awful train projected over the heavens, 1725
 The guilty nations tremble. But, above
 Those superstitious horrors that enslave
 The fond sequacious herd, to mystic faith
 And blind amazement prone, the enlightened few,
 Whose godlike minds philosophy exalts, 1730
 The glorious stranger hail. They fell a joy
 Divinely great ; they in their powers exult,
 That wond'rous force of thought, which mounting spurns
 This dusky spot, and measures all the sky ;
 While, from his fair excursion thro' the wilds 1735
 Of barren ether, faithful to his time,
 They see the blazing wonder rise anew,
 In seeming terror clad, but kindly bent
 To work the will of all-sustaining love ;
 From his huge vapoury train perhaps to shake 1740
 Reviving moisture on the numerous orbs,

Thro' which his long ellipsis winds ; perhaps
To lend new fuel to declining suns,
To light up worlds, and feed the eternal fire.

WITH thee, serene Philosophy, with thee, 1745
And thy bright garland, let me crown my song !
Effusive source of evidence, and truth !
A lustre shedding over the ennobled mind,
Stronger than summer-noon ; and pure as that,
Whole wild vibrations soothe the parted soul, 1750
New to the dawning of celestial day.
Hence thro' her nourished pow'rs, enlarg'd by thee,
She springs aloft, with elevated pride,
Above the tangling mafs of low desires,
That bind the flutt'ring croud ; and, angel-winged,
The heights of science and of virtue gains, 1756
Where all is calm and clear ; with Nature round,
Or in the starry regions, or the abyss,
To Reason's and to Fancy's eye displayed :
The first up-tracing, from the dreary void, 1760
The chain of causes and effects to him,
The world-producing Essence, who alone
Possesses being ; while the last receives
The whole magnificence of heaven and earth,
And every beauty, delicate or bold, 1795
Obvious or more remote, with livelier sense,
Diffusive painted on the rapid mind.

TUTOR'D by thee, hence poetry exalts
Her voice to ages ; and informs the page
With music, image, sentiment, and thought, 1770
Never to die ! the treasure of mankind !
Their highest honour, and their truest joy !

WITHOUT thee what were unenlightened man ?
A savage roaming thro' the woods and wilds, 1775
In quest of prey ; and with the unfashioned fur
Rough-clad ; devoid of every finer art,

And elegance of life Nor happiness
 Domestic, mix'd of tenderness and care,
 Nor moral excellence, nor social bliss, 1780
 Nor guardian law were his; nor various skill,
 To turn the furrow, or to guide the tool
 Mechanic; nor the heaven conducted prow
 Of navigation bold, that fearless braves
 The burning line or dares the wint'ry pole, 1785
 Mother severe of infinite delights!
 Nothing, save rapine, indolence, and guile,
 And woes on woes, a still revolving train!
 Whose horrid circle had made human life
 Than non-existence worse; but, taught by thee
 Ours are the plans of policy, and peace; 1791
 To live like brothers, and conjunctive all
 Embellish life. While thus laborious crouds
 Ply the tough oar, Philosophy directs
 The ruling helm; or like the liberal breath 1765
 Of potent Heaven, invisible, the sail
 Swells out, and bears the inferior world along.

NOR to this evanescent speck of earth
 Poorly confined, the radiant tracts on high
 Are her exalted range; intent to gaze 1770
 Creation thro'; and, from that full complex
 Of never-ending wonders, to conceive
 Of the sole being right, who spoke the word,
 And Nature moved complete. With inward view
 Thence on the ideal kingdom swift she turns 1775
 Her eye; and instant, at her powerful glance,
 Th' obedient phantoms vanish or appear;
 Compound, divide, and into order shift,
 Each to his rank, from plain perception up
 To the fair forms of fancy's fleeting train: 1780
 To Reason then, deducing truth from truth;
 And notion quite abstract? where first begins
 The world of spirits, action all, and life
 Unfetter'd, and unmixed. But here the cloud,

So wills Eternal Providence, sits deep.
Enough for us to know that this dark state,
In wayward passions lost, and vain pursuits,
This infancy of being, cannot prove
The final issue of the works of God,
By boundless Love and perfect Wisdom form'd,
And ever rising with the rising mind,

1785

1799

A U T U M N.

THE ARGUMENT.

The subject propos'd. Address'd to Mr. Onslow. A Prospect of the fields ready for harvest. Reflections in praise of industry rais'd by that view. Reaping. A tale relative to it. A harvest storm. Shooting and hunting, their barbarity. A ludicrous account of fox-hunting. A view of an orchard. Wall fruit. A vine-yard. A description of fogs, frequent in the latter part of Autumn: whence a digression, inquiring into the rise of fountains and rivers. Birds of season considered, that now shift their habitation.—The prodigious number of them that cover the northern and western isles of Scotland. Hence a view of the country. A prospect of the discoloured, fading woods. After a gentle dusky day, Moon-light. Autumnal meteors. Morning: to which succeeds a calm, pure, sun shiny day, such as usually shuts up the season. The harvest being gathered in, the country dissolved in joy. The whole concludes with a panegyric on a philosophical country life.



A U T U M N.

Crown'd with the sickle, and the wheaten sheaf,
 While Autumn, nodding o'er the yellow plain,
 Comes jovial on ; the Doric reed once more,
 Well-pleas'd, I tune. Whatever the wint'ry frost
 Nitrous prepared ; the various blossom'd Spring 5
 Put in white promise forth ; and Summer suns
 Concocted strong, rush boundless now to view,
 Full, perfect all, and swell my glorious theme.

ONSLOW ! the Muse, ambitious of thy name,
 To grace, inspire, and dignify her song, 10
 Would from the public voice the gentle ear
 A while engage. Thy noble care she knows,
 The patriot virtues that distend thy thought,
 Spread on thy front, and in thy bosom glow ;
 While listening senates hang upon thy tongue, 15
 Devolving thro' the maze of eloquence
 A roll of periods, sweeter than her song.
 But she too pants for public virtue, she,
 Tho' weak of power yet strong in ardent will,
 Whene'er her country rushes on her heart, 20
 Assumes a bolder note, and fondly tries
 To mix the patriot's with the poet's flame,

WHEN the bright Virgin gives the beauteous days,
 And Libra weighs in equal scales the year ;
 From heavens high cope the fierce effulgence shook
 Of parting Summer, a serener blue. 26
 With golden light enlivened wide invests
 The happy world. Attemper'd suns arise
 Sweet-beam'd, and shedding oft thro' lucid clouds
 A pleasing calm ; while broad, and brown, below
 Extensive harvests hang the heavy head. 31

Rich, silent, deep, they stand ; for not a gale
 Rolls its light billows over the bending plain :
 A calm of plenty ! till the ruffled air
 Falls from its poise, and gives the breeze to blow. 35
 Rent is the fleecy mantle of the sky ;
 The clouds fly different ; and the sudden sun
 By fits effulgent gilds the illumin'd field,
 And black by fits the shadows sweep along.
 A gayly-checkered heart-expanding view, 40
 Far as the circling eye can shoot around,
 Unbounded tossing it a flood of corn.

THESE are thy blessings, industry ! rough power !
 When labour still attends, and sweat, and pain ;
 Yet the kind source of every gentle art, 45
 And all the soft civility of life :
 Raiser of human kind ! By nature cast,
 Naked, and helpless, out amid the woods,
 And wilds, to rude inclement elements ;
 With various seeds of art deep in the mind 50
 Implanted, and profusely pour'd around
 Materials infinite : but idle all.
 Still unexerted, in the unconscious breast,
 Slept the lethargic powers ; Corruption still,
 Voracious, swallowed what the liberal hand 55
 Of bounty scattered o'er the savage year :
 And still the sad barbarian, roving, mix'd
 With beasts of prey : or for his acorn meal
 Fought the fierce tusky boar ; a shivering wretch !
 Aghast, and comfortless, when the bleak north, 60
 With winter charged, let the mixt tempest fly,
 Hail, rain, and snow, and bitter breathing frost :
 Then to the shelter of the hut he fled ;
 And the wild season, sordid, pined away.
 For home he had not ; home is the resort 65
 Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where,
 Supporting and supported, polished friends
 And dear relations mingle into blifs.

AUTUMN.

95

But this the rugged savage never felt,
 Even desolate in crouds : and thus his days
 Roll'd heavy, dark, and unenjoyed along : 70
 A waste of time ! till industry approached,
 And rous'd him from his miserable sloth :
 His faculties unfolded ; pointed out,
 Where lavish nature the directing hand 75
 Of art demanded ; shewed him how to raise
 His feeble force by the mechanic powers,
 To dig the mineral from the vaulted earth,
 On what to turn the piercing rage of fire,
 On what the torrent, and the gathered blast ; 80
 Gave the tall ancient forest to his ax ;
 Taught him to chip the wood, and hew the stone,
 Till by degrees the finish'd fabric rose
 Tore from his limbs the blood-polluted fur,
 And wrapt them in the woolly vestment warm 85
 Or bright in glossy silk, and flowing lawn ;
 With wholesome viands filled his table, pour'd
 The generous glass around, inspir'd to wake,
 The life refining soul a decent wit :
 Nor stopp'd at barren bare necessity ; 90
 But still advancing bolder, led him on,
 To pomp, to pleasure, elegance, and grace ;
 And, breathing high ambition thro' his soul,
 Set science, wisdom, glory, in his view,
 And bad him be the Lord all below. 95

THEN gathering men their natural powers combin'd,
 And form'd a Public ; to the general good
 Submitting, aiming, and conducting all.
 For this the Patriot-Council met, the full,
 The free, and fairly represented Whole ; 100
 For this they planned the holy guardian-laws,
 Distinguish'd orders, animated arts,
 And with joint force Oppression chaining, set
 Imperial Justice at the helm ; yet still
 To them accountable : nor slavish dream'd 105

M

That toiling millions must resign their weal,
And all the honey of their search, to such
As for themselves alone themselves have rais'd.

HENCE every form of cultivated life
In order set, protected, and inspir'd, 110
Into perfection wrought. Uniting all,
Society grew numerous, high, polite,
And happy. Nurse of art! the city rear'd
In beauteous pride her tower-encircled head;
And, stretching street on street, by thousands drew,
From twining woody haunts, or the tough yew 116
To bow strong-straining, her aspiring sons.

• THEN commerce brought into the public walk
The busy merchant; the big ware-house built;
Rais'd the strong crane; choak'd up the loaded street
With foreign plenty, and thy stream, O Thames,
Large, gentle, deep, majestic, king of floods! 121
Than whom no river heaves a fuller tide,
Chose for his grand resort. On either hand,
Like a long wintry forest, groves of masts
Shot up their spires; the bellying sheet between
Possess'd the breezy void; the sooty hulk 126
Steer'd sluggish on; the splendid barge along
Row'd, regular, to harmony; around,
The boat, light-skimming, stretch'd its oary wings;
While deep the various voice of servent toil 130
From bank to bank increas'd; whence ribb'd with oak,
To bear the British-thunder, black, and bold,
The roaring vessel rush'd into the main.

THEN too the pillared dome, magnific, heav'd
Its ample roof; and luxury within 135
Pour'd out her glittering stores: the canvas smooth,
With glowing life protuberant, to the view
Embodied rose; the statue seemed to breathe,
And soften into flesh, beneath the touch
Of forming art, imagination flush'd. 140

ALL is the gift of Industry; whate'er
 Exalts, embellishes, and renders life
 Delightful, Pensive winter chear'd by him
 Sits at the social fire, and happy hears
 Th' excluded tempest idly rave along; 145
 His hardened fingers deck the gaudy spring;
 Without him summer were an arid waste;
 Nor to the autumnal months could thus transmute
 Those full, mature, immeasurable stores,
 That, waving round, recal my wandering song. 150

Soon as the morning trembles o'er the sky,
 And, unperceiv'd, unfolds the spreading day;
 Before the ripened field the reapers stand,
 In fair array; each by the lass he loves,
 To bear the rougher part, and mitigate 155
 By nameless gentle offices her toil.
 At once they stoop and swell the lustrous sheaves;
 While thro' their cheerful band the rural talk
 The rural scandal and the rural jest
 Fly harmless, to deceive the tedious time,
 And steal unfelt the sultry hours away. 160
 Behind the master walks, builds up the flocks;
 And, conscious, glancing oft on every side
 His fated eye, feels his heart heave with joy.
 The gleaners spread around, and here and there,
 Spike after spike, their sparing harvest pick. 165
 Be not too narrow, husbandmen! but fling
 From the full sheaf, with charitable stealth,
 The liberal handful. Think oh grateful think!
 How good the God of Harvest is to you;
 Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields; 170
 While these unhappy partners of your kind
 Wide-hover round you, like the fowls of heaven,
 And ask their humble dole. The various turns
 Of fortune ponder; that your sons may want
 What now, with hard reluctance, faint, ye give.

THE lovely young Lavinia once had friends;
 And fortune smil'd, deceitful, on her birth. 177
 For in her helpless years depriv'd of all,
 Of every stay, save innocence and heaven,
 She with her widow'd mother, feeble, old, 180
 And poor, lived in a cottage, far retir'd
 Among the windings of a woody vale;
 By solitude and deep surrounding shades,
 But more by bashful modesty, conceal'd.
 Together thus they shunn'd the cruel scorn 185
 Which virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet
 From giddy fashion and low-minded pride:
 Almost on Nature's common bounty fed,
 Like the gay birds that sung them to repose,
 Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare. 190
 Her form was fresher than the morning rose,
 When the dew wets its leaves; unstain'd, and pure,
 As is the lily, or the mountain snow.
 The modest virtues mingled in her eyes,
 Sill on the ground dejected, darting all 195
 Their humid beams into the blooming flowers:
 Or when the mournful tale her mother told,
 Of what her faithless fortune promis'd once,
 Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy star,
 Of evening, shone in tears. A native grace 200
 Sat fair-proportioned on her polished limbs,
 Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,
 Beyond the pomp of dress; for loveliness
 Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
 But is when unadorn'd adorned the most. 205
 Thoughtless of beauty, she was beauty's self,
 Recluse amid the close embow'ring woods.
 As in the hollow breast of Appenine,
 Beneath the shelter of encircling hills,
 A myrtle rises, far from human eye, 210
 And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild;
 So flourish'd blooming, and unseen by all,
 The sweet Lavinia; till, at length, compelled

By strong necessity's supreme command,
 With smiling patience in her looks, she went 215
 To glean Palemon's fields. The pride of swains
 Palemon was, the generous, and the rich,
 Who led the rural life in all its joy,
 And elegance, such as Arcadian song
 Transmits from ancient uncorrupted times;
 When tyrant custom had not shackled man, 220
 But free to follow nature was the mode.
 He then, his fancy with autumnal scenes
 Amusing, chanc'd besides his reaper train
 To walk, when poor Lavinia drew his eye;
 Unconscious of her pow'r, and turning quick 225
 With unaffected blushes from his gaze:
 He saw her charming, but he saw not half
 The charms her downcast modesty conceal'd.
 That very moment love and chaste desire
 Sprung in his bosom, to himself unknown; 230
 For still the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,
 Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn,
 Should his heart own a gleaner in the field:
 And thus in secret to his soul he sigh'd.

"WHAT pity! that so delicate a form; 235
 " By beauty kindled, where enlivening sense,
 " And more than vulgar goodness seem to dwell,
 " Should be devoted to the rude embrace
 " Of some indecent clown? She looks, methinks,
 " Of old Acasto's line; and to my mind 240
 " Recalls that patron of my happy life,
 " From whom my liberal fortune took its rise;
 " Now to the dust gone down; his houses, lands,
 " And once fair-spreading family dissolv'd:
 " 'Tis said that in some lone obscure retreat, 245
 " Urg'd by remembrance sad, and decent pride,
 " Far from those scenes which knew their better days,
 " His aged widow and his daughter live,
 " Whom yet my fruitless search could never find,

" Romantic wish, would this the daughter were ?"

When, strict enquiring, from herself he found
 She was the same, the daughter of his friend,
 Of bountiful Acasto ; who can speak
 The mingled passions that surpriz'd his heart,
 And thro' his nerves in shivering transport ran ? 255
 Then blazed his smother'd-flame, avow'd, and bold ;
 And as he view'd her, ardent, o'er and o'er,
 Love, gratitude, and pity wept at once.
 Confus'd, and frightened at his sudden tears,
 Her rising beauties flush'd a higher bloom, 255
 As thus Palemon, passionate, and just,
 Pour'd out the pious rapture of his soul.

" And art thou then Acasto's dear remains ?
 " She, whom my restless gratitude has sought,
 " So long in vain ? Oh yes ! the very same, 260
 " The soften'd image of my noble friend,
 " Alive, his every feature, every look,
 " More elegantly touch'd. Sweeter than Spring !
 " Thou sole surviving blossom from the root,
 " That nourish'd up my fortune, say, ah where, 265
 " In what sequestered desert, hast thou drawn
 " The kindest aspect of delighted heaven ?
 " Into such beauty spread, and blown so fair ;
 " Tho' poverty's cold wind, and crushing rain,
 " Beat keen, and heavy, on thy tender years ? 270
 " O let me now, into a richer soil,
 " Transplant thee safe ! where vernal suns, & showers,
 " Diffuse their warmest, largest influence ;
 " And of my garden be the pride, and joy !
 " It ill befits thee, oh it ill befits 275
 " Acasto's daughter, his whose open stores,
 " Tho' vast, were little to his ampler heart,
 " The father of a country, thus to pick
 " The very refuse of thote harvest fields,
 " Which from his bounteous friendship I enjoy. 280

" Then throw that shameful pittance from thy hand,
 " But ill apply'd to such a rugged task ;
 " The fields, the master, all, my fair, are thine ?
 " If to the various blessings which thy house
 " Has on me lavish'd, thou wilt add that bliss, 285
 " That dearest bliss, the power of blessing thee ! "

HERE ceas'd the youth : yet still his speaking eye
 Express'd the sacred triumph of his soul,
 With conscious virtue, gratitude, and love,
 Above the vulgar joy divinely rais'd. 290
 Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm
 Of goodness irresistible, and all
 In sweet disorder lost, she blush'd consent.
 The news immediate to her mother brought,
 While, pierc'd with anxious thought, she pin'd away
 The lonely moments for Lavinia's fate ; 296
 Amaz'd, and scarce believing what she heard,
 Joy seiz'd her withered veins, and one bright gleam
 Of setting life shone on her evening-hours :
 Not less enraptured than the happy pair ; 300
 Who flourish'd long in tender bliss, and rear'd
 A numerous offspring, lovely like themselves,
 And good, the grace of all the country round.

DEFEATING oft the labours of the year,
 The sultry south collects a potent blast. 305
 At first, the groves are scarcely seen to stir
 Their trembling tops ; and a still murmur runs
 Along the soft-inclining fields of corn
 But as the aerial tempest fuller swells,
 And in one mighty stream, invisible, 310
 Immense, the whole excited atmosphere,
 Impetuous rushes o'er the sounding world ;
 Strain'd to the root, the stooping forest pours
 A rustling shower of yet untimely leaves.
 High-beat, the circling mountains eddy in, 315
 From the bare wild, the dissipated storm,

And send it in a torrent down the vale,
 Expos'd, and naked, to its utmost rage,
 Thro' all the sea 'of harvest rolling round,
 The billowy plain floats wide ; nor can evade, 320
 Tho' pliant to the blast, its seizing force ;
 Or whirl'd in air, or into vacant chaff
 Shook waste. And sometimes too a burst of rain,
 Swept from the black horizon, broad, descends
 In one continuous flood, Still over head 325
 The mingling tempest weaves its gloom, and still
 The deluge deepens ; till the fields around
 Lie sunk, and flatted, in the sordid wave.
 Sudden, the ditches swell ; the meadows swim,
 Red, from the hills, innumerable streams 330
 Tumultuous roar ; and high above its banks
 The river lift ; before whose rushing tide,
 Herds, flocks, and harvests, cottages, and swains,
 Roll mingled down ; all that the winds had spared,
 In one wild moment ruin'd, the big hopes, 335
 And well-earned treasures of the painful year.
 Fled to some eminence, the husbandman,
 Helpless beholds the miserable wreck
 Driving along ; his drowning ox at once
 Descending, with his labours scattered round, 340
 He sees ; and instant o'er his shivering thought
 Comes winter unprovided, and a train
 Of claimant children dear. Ye masters, then,
 Be mindful of the rough laborious hand,
 That sinks you soft in elegance and ease ; 345
 Be mindful of those limbs in russet clad,
 Whose toil to yours is warmth, and graceful pride ;
 And oh be mindful of that sparing board,
 Which covers yours with luxury profuse,
 Makes your glass sparkle, and your sense rejoice !
 Nor cruelly demand what the deep rains, 350
 And all-involving winds have swept away,

HERE the rude clamour of the sportsman's joy,
 The gun fast-thundering, and the winded horn,
 Would tempt the Muse to sing the Rural Game: 355
 How, in his mid-career, the spaniel struck,
 Stiff, by the tainted gale, with open nose,
 Outstretch'd, and finely sensible, draws full,
 Fearful and cautious, on the latent prey;
 As in the sun the circling covey bask 360
 Their varied plumes, and watchful every way
 Thro' the rough stubble turn the secret eye.
 Caught in the meshy snare, in vain they beat
 Their idle wings, intangled more and more:
 Nor on the surges of the boundless air, 365
 Tho' borne triumphant, are they safe; the gun,
 Glanced just, and sudden, from the fowlers eye
 O'ertakes their sounding pinions; and again,
 Immediate, brings them from the towering wing,
 Dead to the ground; or drives them wide dispers'd,
 Wounded, and wheeling various, down the wind,

THESE are not subjects for the peaceful Muse,
 Nor will she stain with such her spotless song,
 Then most delighted, when the social sees
 The whole mix'd animal-creation round 375
 Alive, and happy. 'Tis not joy to her,
 This falsely chearful barbarous game of death;
 This rage of pleasure, which the restless youth
 Awakes, impatient, with the gleaming morn;
 When beasts of prey retire, that all night long, 380
 Urg'd by necessity, had ranged the dark,
 As if their conscious ravage shuned the light,
 Asham'd. Not so the steady tyrant man,
 Who with the thoughtless insolence of power
 Inflam'd, beyond the most infuriate wrath 385
 Of the worst monster that ever roam'd the waste,
 For sport alone pursues the cruel chase,
 Amid the beamings of the gentle days.
 Ye, ravening tribes, upbraid our wanton rage,

For hunger kindles you, and lawless want ; 390
 But lavish fed, in Nature's bounty roll'd,
 To joy at anguish, and delight in blood.
 Is what your horrid bosoms never knew.

Poor is the triumph o'er the timid hare !
 Scar'd from the corn. and now to some lone seat 395
 Retir'd : the rushy fen ; the ragged furze,
 Stretch'd over the stony heath ; the stubble chapt ;
 The thistly lawn ; the thick entangled broom ;
 Of the same friendly hue, the withered fern ;
 The fallow ground laid open to the sun, 400
 Concoctive ; and the nodding sandy bank,
 Hung o'er the mazes of the mountain-brook,
 Vain is her best precaution ; tho' she sits
 Conceal'd, with folded ears ; unsleeping eyes,
 By Nature rais'd to take the horizon in ; 405
 And head couched close betwixt her hairy feet,
 In act to spring away. The scented dew
 Betrays her early labyrinth ; and deep,
 In scatter'd fallen openings, far behind,
 With every breeze she hears the coming storm. 410
 But nearer, and more frequent, as it loads
 The sighing gale, she springs amazed, and all
 The savage soul of game is up at once :
 The pack full-opening, various ? the shrill horn,
 Resounded from the hills ; the neighing steed, 415
 Wild for the chase ; and the loud hunter's shout ;
 O'er a weak, harmless, flying creature, all
 Mix'd in mad tumult, and discordant joy.

The stag too, singled from the herd, where long
 He ranged the branching monarch of the shades,
 Before the tempest drives. At first, in speed 421
 He, sprightly puts his faith ; and, fear-arous'd,
 Gives all his swift aerial soul to flight.
 Against the breeze he darts, that way the more
 To leave the lessening murderous cry behind. 425

Deception short ! tho' fleetier than the winds
 Blown o'er the keen aired mountain by the north,
 He bursts the thickets, glances thro' the glades,
 And plunges deep into the wildest wood.
 If slow, yet sure, adhesive to the track 430
 Hot-streaming, up behind him comes again
 Th' inhuman rout, and from the shady depth
 Expel him, circling thro' his every shift.
 He sweeps the forest oft ; and sobbing sees
 The glades, mild opening to the golden day ; 435
 Where, in kind contest, with his butting friends
 He wont to struggle, or his loves enjoy.
 Oft in the full-descending flood he tries
 To lose the scent, and lave his burning sides ;
 Oft seeks the herd ; the watchful herd, alarm'd,
 With selfish care avoid a brother's woe. 441
 What shall he do ? His once so vivid nerves,
 So full of buoyant spirit, now no more
 Inspire the course ; but fainting breathless toil,
 Sick, leizes on his heart : he stands at bay ; 445
 And puts his last weak refuge in despair.
 The big round tears run down his dappled face ;
 He groans in anguish ; while the growling pack,
 Blood-happy, hang at his fair jutting chest,
 And mark his beauteous chequered sides with gore.

Or this enough. But if the filvan youth 451
 Whose fervent blood boils into violence,
 Must have the chace ; behold, despising flight,
 The rous'd-up lion, resolute, and slow,
 Advancing full on the protended spear, 455
 And coward-band, that circling wheel aloof.
 Slunk from the cavern, and the troubled wood,
 See the grim wolf ; on him his shaggy foe
 Vindictive fix, and let the ruffian die ;
 Or, growling horrid, as the brindled boar
 Grips fell destruction, to the monsters heart 460
 Let the dart lighten from the nervous arm.

THESE Britain knows not ; give, ye Britons then
 Your sportive fury, pitiless, to pour
 Loose on the nightly robber of the fold :
 Him, from his craggy winding haunts unearthed,
 Let all the thunder of the chase pursue. 466
 Throw the broad ditch behind you ; o'er the hedge
 High-bound, resistless ; nor the deep morass
 Refuse, but thro' the shaking wilderness
 Pick your nice way ; into the perilous flood 470
 Bear fearless, of the raging instinct full ;
 And as you ride the torrent, to the banks
 Your triumph sound sonorous, running round,
 From rock to rock, in circling echoes tost.
 Then scale the mountains to their woody tops ;
 Rush down the dangerous steep ; and o'er the lawn,
 In fancy swallowing up the space between,
 Pour all your speed into the rapid game,
 For happy he ! who tops the wheeling chase ;
 Has every maze evolved, and every guile 480
 Disclos'd ; who knows the merits of the pack ;
 Who saw the villain seiz'd, and dying hard,
 Without complaint, tho' by an hundred mouths
 Relentless torn : O glorious he, beyond
 His daring Peers ! when the retreating horn 485
 Calls them to ghostly halls of grey renown,
 With woodland honours grac'd : the fox's fur,
 Depending decent from the roof : and spread
 Round the drear walls, with antick figures fierce,
 The stag's large front : he then is loudest heard,
 When the night staggers with severer toils, 491
 With feats Thessalian centaurs never knew,
 And their repeated wonders shake the dome.

BUT first the fuel'd chimney blazes wide :
 The tankards foam : and the strong table groans
 Beneath the smoking sirloin, stretch'd immense
 From side to side : in which, with desperate knife,

They deep incision make, and talk the while
 Of England's glory, ne'er to be defac'd,
 While hence they borrow vigour : or amain 500
 Into the pasty plung'd, at intervals,
 If stomach keen can intervals allow.
 Relating all the glories of the chace.
 Then sat'd hunger bids his brother thirst.
 Produce the mighty bowl ; the mighty bowl, 505
 Swell'd high with fiery juice, steams liberal round
 A potent gale, delicious as the breath
 Of Maia, to the love-sick shepherdes,
 On violets diffus'd, while soft she hears
 Her panting shepherd stealing to her arms. 510
 Nor wanting is the brown October, drawn
 Mature and perfect, from his dark retreat
 Of thirty years ; and now his honest front
 Flames in the light refulgent, not afraid
 Even with the vineyard's best produce to vie. 515
 To cheat the thirsty moments, whisk a while
 Walks his dull round, beneath a cloud of smok,
 Wreath'd fragrant from the pipe ; or the quick dice,
 In thunder leaping from the box, awake
 The sounding gamman : while romp-loving miss 520
 Is hauled about, in gallantry robust.

At last these puling idleness laid
 Aside, frequent and full, the dry divan
 Close in firm circle ; and set, ardent, in
 For serious drinking. Nor evasion fly, 525
 Nor sober shift, is to the puking wretch
 Indulg'd apart ; but earnest, brimming bowls
 Lave every soul, the table floating round,
 And pavement, faithless to the fuddled foot.
 Thus as they swim in mutual swill, the talk, 530
 Vociferous at once from twenty tongues,
 Reels fast from theme to theme ; from horses, hounds,
 To church or mistress, politicks or ghost,
 In endless mazes, intricate, perplex'd.

Meantime, with sudden interruption, loud, 533
 Th' impatient catch bursts from the joyous heart:
 That moment touched is every kindred soul;
 And, opening in a full-mouth'd cry of joy,
 The laugh, the slap, the jocund curse goes round;
 While from their slumbers shook, the kennel'd hounds
 Mix in the music of the day again. 540
 As when the tempest, that has vexed the deep
 The dark night long with fainter murmurs falls:
 So gradual sinks their mirth. Their feeble tongues,
 Unable to take up the cumbrous word, 545
 Lie quite dissolved. Before their maudlin eyes,
 Seen dim, and blue, the double tapers dance,
 Like the sun wading thro' the misty sky.
 Then sliding, soft, they drop. Confus'd above,
 Glasses and bottles, pipes and gazetteers, 550
 As if the table even itself was drunk,
 Lie a wet broken scene: and wide, below,
 Is heaped the social slaughter: where astride]
 The lubber power in filthy triumph sits,
 Slumbrous, inclining still from side to side, 555
 And sleeps them drench'd in potent sleep till morn.
 Perhaps some doctor, of tremendous paunch,
 Awful and deep, a black abyss of drink,
 Out-lives them all; and from his buried flock
 Retiring, full of rumination sad, 560
 Laments the weakness of these latter times.

But if the rougher sex by this fierce sport
 Are hurried wild, let not such horrid joy
 E'er stain the bosom of the British Fair.
 Far be the spirit of the chace from them! 565
 Uncomely courage, unbeseeming skill,
 To spring the fence, to rein the prancing steed,
 The cap, the whip, the masculine attire,
 In which they roughen to the sense, and all
 The winning softness of their sex is lost. 570
 In them 'tis graceful to dissolve at woe;

With every motion, every word, to wave
 Quick o'er the kindling cheek the ready blush ;
 And from the smallest violence to shrink,
 Unequal, then the loveliest in their fears ; 575
 And by this silent adulation, soft,
 To their protection more engaging man.
 O may their eyes no miserable sight,
 Save weeping lovers, see ! a nobler game,
 Thro' love's enchanting wiles pursued, yet fled, 580
 In chace ambiguous. May their tender limbs
 Float in the loose simplicity of drest !
 And, fashion'd all to harmony, alone
 Know they to seize the captivated soul,
 In rapture warbled from love-breathing lips ; 585
 To teach the lute to languish ; with smooth step,
 Disclosing motion in its every charm,
 To swim along, and swell the mazy dance ;
 To train the foilage o'er the snowy lawn :
 To guide the pencil, turn the tuneful page ; 590
 To lend new flavour to the fruitful year,
 And heighten nature's dainties ; in their race
 To rear their graces into second life ;
 To give society its highest taste ;
 Well-ordered home man's best delight to make ; 595
 And by submissive wisdom, modest skill,
 With every gentle care-eluding art,
 To raise the virtues, animate the bliss,
 Even charm the pains to something more than joy,
 And sweeten all the toils of human life ; 600
 This be the female dignity, and praise.

YE swains now hasten to the hazel-bank ;
 Where, down yon dale, the wildly-winding brook
 Falls hoarse from steep to steep. In close array,
 Fit for the thickets, and the tangling shrub, 605
 Ye virgins, come. For you their latest song
 The woodlands raise ; the clustring nuts for you
 The lover finds amid the secret shade ;

And, where they burnish on the topmost bough,
 With active vigour crushes down the tree : 610
 Or shakes them ripe from the resigning hulk,
 A glossy shower, and of an ardent brown,
 As are the ringlets of Melinda's hair :
 Melinda formed with every grace complet,
 Yet these neglecting, above beauty wife, 615
 And far transcending such a vulgar praise.

HENCE from the busy joy-resounding fields,
 In chearful error, let us tread the maze
 Of Autumn, unconfined ; and taste, reviv'd,
 The breath of orchard big with bending fruit, 620
 Obedient to the breeze, and beating ray,
 From the deep-loaded bough a mellow shower,
 Instant melts away. The juicy pear
 Lies, in a soft profusion, scattered round.
 A various sweetness swells the gentle race ; 625
 In species different, but in kind the same,
 By nature's all-refining hand prepared,
 Of tempered sun, and water, earth, and air,
 I ever-hanging composition mixt
 Such, falling frequent thro' the chiller night, 630
 The fragrant stores, the wide projected heaps
 Of apples, which the lusty-handed year,
 Innumerable, o'er the blushing orchard shakes,
 A various spirit, fresh, delicious, keen,
 Dwells in their gelid pores ; and, active, points 635
 The piercing cyder for the thrifty tongue :
 Thy Native theme, and boon inspirer too,
 Phillips, Pomona's bard, the second thou
 Who nobly durst, in Rhyme-unfettered verse,
 With British freedom sing the British song ; 640
 How, from Silurian vats, high-sparkling wines
 Foun in transparent floods : some strong, to cheer
 The wintry revels of the labouring hind ;
 And tasteful some, to cool the summer-hours,

In this glad season, while his sweetest beams 645
 The sun sheds equal o'er the meekened day;
 Oh lose me in the green delightful walks
 Of, Dodington! thy seat, serene and plain;
 Where simple nature reigns; and every view,
 Diffusive, spreads the pure Dorsetian downs, 650
 In boundless prospect, yonder shagg'd with wood,
 Here rich with harvest, and there white with flocks.
 Mean time the grandeur of thy lofty dome,
 Far-splendid, seizes on the ravished eye,
 New beauties rise with each revolving day; 655
 New columns swell; and still the fresh spring finds
 New plants to quicken, and new groves to green.
 Full of thy genius all! the muses' seat;
 Where in the secret bower, and winding walk,
 For virtuous young and thee they twine the bay.
 Here wandering oft, fir'd with the restless thrift 660
 Of thy applause, I solitary court:
 Th' inspiring breeze; and meditate the book
 Of nature, ever open, aiming thence,
 Warm from the heart, to learn the moral song. 665
 And, as I steal along the sunny wall,
 Where Autumn basks, with fruit empurpled deep
 My pleasing theme continual prompts my thought;
 Presents the downy peach; the shining plumb,
 With a fine blueish mist of animals 670
 Clouded; the ruddy nectarine; and dark,
 Beneath his ample leaf, the luscious fig.
 The vine too here her curling tendrils shoots;
 Hangs out her clusters, glowing to the south;
 And scarcely wishes for a warmer sky. 675

TURN we a moment fancy's rapid flight
 To vigorous soils, and climes of fair extent;
 Where, by the potent sun elated high,
 The vineyard swells refulgent on the day;
 Spreads o'er the vale, or up the mountain climbs,
 Profuse, and drinks amid the sunny rocks, 680

From cliff to cliff increas'd, the heightened blaze.
 Low bend the weighty boughs. The clusters clear,
 Half thro' the foliage seen, or ardent flame,
 Or shine transparent; while perfection breathes
 White o'er the turgent film the living dew. 685
 As thus they brighten with exalted juice,
 Touch'd into flavour by the mingling ray;
 The rural youth and virgins over the field,
 Each fond for each to cull the autumnal prime,
 Exulting rove, and speak the vintage nigh. 690
 Then comes the crushing swain; the country floats,
 And foams unbounded with the mazy flood;
 That by degrees fermented, and refined,
 Round the rais'd nations pours the cup of joy:
 The claret smooth, red as the lip we praise, 695
 In sparkling fancy, while we drain the bowl;
 The mellow-tasted burgundy, and quick,
 As is the wit it gives, the gay champaign.

Now, by the cool declining year condens'd,
 Descend the copious exhalations, check'd 700
 As up the middle sky unseen they stole,
 And roll the doubling fogs around the hill.
 No more the mountain, horrid, vast, sublime,
 Who pours a sweep of rivers from his sides,
 And high between contending kingdoms rears 705
 The rocky long division, fills the view
 With great variety; but in a night
 Of gathering vapour, from the baffled sense,
 Sinks dark and dreary. Thence expanding far,
 The hug dusk, gradual, swallows up the plain. 710
 Vanish the woods. The dim-seen river seems
 Sullen, and slow, to rowl the misty wave.
 Even in the height of noon oppress, the sun
 Sheds weak, and blunt, his wide-refracted ray; 714
 Whence glaring oft, with many a broadened orb,
 He frights the nations. Indistinct on earth,
 Seen thro' the turbid air, beyond the life,

Objects appear, and wildered, o'er the waste
 The shepherd stalks gigantic. Till at last
 Wreath'd dun around, in deeper circles still 720
 Successive closing, sits the general fog
 Unbounded o'er the world; and mingling thick,
 A formless grey confusion covers all.
 As when of old (so sung the Hebrew Bard)
 Light, uncollected, thro' the chaos urged 725
 It's infant way; nor order yet had drawn
 His lovely train from out the dubious gloom.

THESE roving mists, that constant now begin
 To smother along the hilly country, these,
 With weighty rains, and melted alpine snows,
 The mountain cisterns fill, those ample stores 730
 Of water, scooped among the hollow rocks;
 Whence gush the streams, the ceaseless fountains play,
 And their unfailing wealth the rivers draw.
 Some sages say, that, where the numerous wave
 For ever lashes the resounding shore,
 Drill'd thro' the sandy Stratum, every way,
 The waters with the sandy Stratum rise; 735
 Amid whose angels infinitely strained,
 They joyful leave their jaggy salts behind,
 And clear and sweeten, as they soak along.
 Nor stops the restless fluid, mounting still,
 Tho' oft amid the irriguous vale it springs; 740
 But to the mountain courted by the sand,
 That leads it darkling on in faithful maze,
 Far from the parent-main, it boils again
 Fresh into day; and all the glittering hill
 Is bright with spouting rills. But hence this vain
 Amusive dream! why should the waters love 745
 To take so far a journey to the hills,
 When the sweet valleys offer to their toil
 Inviting quiet, and a nearer bed?
 Or if, by blind ambition led astray, 750
 They must aspire; why should they sudden stop

Among the broken mountain's rusty dells,
 And, ere they gain it's highest peak, desert
 Th' attractive land that charmed their course so long?
 Besides, the hard agglomerating salts 755
 The spoil of ages, would impervious choak
 Their secret channels, or, by slow degrees,
 High as the hills protrude the swelling vales :
 Old ocean too, suck'd thro, the porous globe,
 Had long ere now forsook his horrid bed, 760
 And brought Deucalion's watry times again.

SAY then, where lurk the vast eternal springs,
 That, like Creating nature, lie concealed
 From mortal eye, yet with their lavish stores
 Refresh the globe, and all it's joyous tribes ; 765
 O thou pervading Genius, given to man,
 To trace the secrets of the dark abyss,
 O lay the mountains bare ! and wide display
 Their hidden structure to the astonished view ?
 Strip from the branching Alps their piny lord, 770
 The huge incumbrance of horrific woods
 From Asian taurus, from Imaus stretched
 Athwart the roving tartar's sullen bounds !
 Give opening Hemus to my searching eye,
 And high † Olympus pouring many a stream ! 775
 O from the sounding summits of the north,
 The Dofrine hills, thro' Scandinavia roll'd
 To farthest Lapland and the frozen main ;
 From lofty Caucasus, far-seen by those
 Who in the Caspian and black Euxine toil, 780
 From cold Riphean rocks, which the wild Rufs
 Believes the † stony Girdle of the world,
 And all the dreadful mountains, wrapt in storm,

† The mountain called by that name in the lesser Asia.

† The Moscovites call the Riphean mountains Weliki Camenypoy, that is the great stony Girdle ; because they suppose them to encompass the whole earth.

Whence wide Siberia draws her lonely floods :
 O sweep the eternal snows ! hung o'er the deep,
 That ever works beneath his sounding base, 786
 Bid Atlas, propping heaven, as poets feign,
 His subterranean wonders spread ! unveil
 The miny caverns, blazing on the day,
 Of Abyssinia's cloud-compelling cliffs, 790
 And of the bending † Mountains of the moon !
 O'ertopping all these Giant-sons of earth,
 Let the dire Andes, from the radiant line
 Stretch'd to the stormy seas that thunder round
 The southern pole, their hideous deeps unfold ! 795
 Amazing scene ! Behold ? the glooms disclose.
 I see the rivers in their infant beds ?
 Deep deep I hear them, labring to get free ?
 I see the leaning Strata, artful ranged,
 The gaping fissures to receive the rains, 800
 The melting snows, and ever-dripping fogs.
 Strow'd bibulous above I see the sands,
 The pebbly gravel next, the layers then
 Of mingled moulds, of more retentive earths,
 The guttered rocks and mazy-running clefts, 805
 That, while the stealing moisture they transmit,
 Retard it's motion, and forbid it's waste.
 Beneath the incessant weeping of these drains,
 I see the rocky Siphons stretched immense,
 The mighty reservoirs, of hardened chalk, 810
 Or stiff compacted clay, capacious form'd.
 O'erflowing thence, the congregated stores,
 The crystal treasures of the liquid world,
 Thro' the stirred sands a bubbling passage burst,
 And welling out, around the middle steep, 815
 Or from the bottoms of the bosomed hills,
 In pure effusion flow. United, thus,
 Th' exhaling sun, the vapour-burdened air,
 The gelid mountains, that to rain condens'd

† A range of mountains in Africa, that surround almost all Monomotapa.

These vapours in continual current draw, 825
And send them, o'er the fair-divided earth,
In bounteous rivers to the deep again,
A social commerce hold, and firm support
The full-adjusted harmony of things.

WHEN Autumn scatters his departing gleams, 825
Warn'd of approaching winter, gallied, play
The swallow people, and tofs'd wide around,
O'er the calm sky, in convulsion swift,
The feathered eddy floats : rejoicing once,
Ere to their wintry slumbers they retire ; 830
In clusters clung, beneath the mouldring bank,
And where, unpierc'd by frost, the caven sweats,
Or rather into warmer climes convey'd,
with other kindred birds of season, there
They twitter chearful, till the vernal months 835
Invite them welcome back, for thronging, now
Innumerable wings are in commotion all.

WHERE the Rhine loses his majestic force
In Belgian plains, won from the raging deep,
By diligence amazing, and the strong 840
Unconquerable hand of liberty,
The stork-assembly meets, for many a day,
Consulting deep, and various, ere they take
Their arduous voyage thro' the liquid sky.
And now their rout design'd, their leaders chose, 845
Their tribes adjusted, cleaned their vigorous wings;
And many a circle, many a short essay,
Wheel'd round and round, in congregation full,
The figur'd flight ascends, and, riding high
Th' aerial billows, mixes with the clouds. 850

OR where the northern ocean, in vast whirls,
Boils round the naked melancholy isles
Of farthest Thule, and the Atlantic surge
Pours in among the stormy Hebrides ;

Who can recount what transmigrations there
 Are annual made ! What nations come and go ?
 And how the living clouds on clouds arise ?
 Infinite wings ! till all the plume-dark air,
 And rude resounding shore are one wild cry.

855

HERE the plain harmless native his small flock,
 And herd diminutive of many hues,

861

Tends on the little island's verdant swell,
 The shepherd's sea-girt reign ; or, to the rocks
 Dire-clinging, gathers his ovarious food,

Or sweeps the fishy shore, or treasures up

895

The plumage, rising full, to form the bed

Of luxury. And here a while the muse,

High-hovering o'er the broad ecrulean scene,

Sees Caledonia, in romantic view :

Her airy mountains, from the waving main,

870

Invested with a keen diffusive sky,

Breathing the soul acute ; her forests huge,

Incult, robust, and tall, by nature's hand

Planted of old ; her azure lakes between.

Pour'd out extensive, and of watry wealth

875

Full, winding deep, and green, her fertile vales ;

With many a cool translucent brimming flood

Wish'd lovely, from the Tweed (pure Parent-stream,

Whose pastoral banks first wak'd by Doric reed,

With silvan Jed, thy tributary brook)

880

To where the north inflated tempest foams

O'er Orca's or Betubium's highest peak.

Nurse of the people, in misfortune's school

Train'd up to hardy deeds ; soon visited

By learning, when before the Gothic rage

885

She took her western flight. A manly race,

Of unsubmitting spirit, wise, and brave,

Who still thro' bleeding ages struggled hard,

(As well unhappy Wallace can attest,

Great patriot-heroe ! ill-requited chief !)

890

To hold a generous undiminished state ;

Too much in vain! hence of unequal bounds
 Impatient, and by the tempting glory borne
 O'er every land, for every land their life
 Has flow'd profuse, their piercing genius plan'd, 895
 And Swell'd the pomp of peace, their faithful toil.
 As from their own clear north, in radiant streams,
 Bright over Europe bursts the Boreal morn

Oh is there not some patriot, in whose power
 That best, that godlike luxury is placed, 900
 Of blessing thousands, thousands yet unborn,
 Thro' late posterity? some, large of soul,
 To cheer dejected Industry? to give
 A double harvest to the pining swain? 905
 An teach the labouring hand the sweets of toil?
 How, by the finest art, the native robe
 To weave; how, white as hyperborean snow,
 To form the lucid lawn; with venturous oar,
 How to dash wide the billow; nor look on, 910
 Shamefully passive, while Batavian fleets
 Defraud us of the glittering finny swarms,
 That heave our firths, and croud upon our shores;
 How all-enlivening trade to rouse, and wing
 The prosperous sail, from every growing port, 915
 Uninjur'd, round the sea-incircled globe;
 And thus, in soul united as in name,
 Bid Britain reign the mistress of the deep.

Yes, there are such. And full on thee, Argyle,
 Her hope, her stay, her darling, and her boalt, 920
 From her first patriots and her heroes sprung,
 Thy fond imploring country turns her eye:
 In thee, with all a mother's triumph, fees
 Her every virtue, every grace combin'd,
 Her genius, wisdom, her engaging turn, 925
 Her pride of honour, and her courage try'd,
 Calm, and intrepid, in the very throat
 Of sulphurous war, on Tenier's dreadful field.

Nor less the palm of peace inwreathes thy brow ;
 For, powerful as thy sword, from thy rich tongue
 Persuasion flows, and wins the high debate ; 931
 While mix'd in thee combine the charm of youth,
 The force of manhood, and the depth of age
 Thee, Forbes, too, whom every worth attends,
 As truth sincere, as weeping friendship kind, 935
 Thee, truly generous, and in silence great,
 Thy country feels thro' her reviving arts,
 Plan'd by thy wisdom, by thy soul informed ;
 And seldom has she felt a friend like thee.

BUT see the fading many-colour'd woods, 940
 Shade deepening overshade, the country round
 Imbrown ; a crouded umbrage, dusk, and dun.
 Of every hue, from wan declining green
 To sooty dark. These now the lonesome muse,
 Low-whispering, lead into their leaf-strown walks,
 And give the season in its latest view. 946

MEAN time, light shadowing all, a sober calm
 Fleeces unbounded ether ; whose least wave
 Stands tremulous, uncertain where to turn
 The gentle current : while illumin'd wide, 950
 The dewy-skirted clouds imbibe the sun,
 And thro' their lucid veil his softened force
 Shed o'er the peaceful world. Then is the time
 For those, whom wisdom and whom nature charm,
 To steal themselves from the degenerate croud, 955
 And soar above this little scene of things ;
 To tread low-thoughted vice beneath their feet ;
 To sooth the throbbing passions into peace ;
 And woo lone quiet in her silent walks.

THUS solitary, and in pensive guise, 960
 Oft let me wander o'er the russet mead,
 And thro' the sadden'd grove, where scarce is heard
 One dying strain, to cheer the woodman's toil.

Haply some widow'd songster pours his plaint,
 Far, in faint warblings, thro' the tawny cople. 965
 While congregated thrushes, linnets, larks,
 And each wild throat, whose artless strains so late
 Swell'd all the music of the swarming shades,
 Robb'd of their tuneful souls, now shivering sit
 On the dead tree, a dull despondent flock, 970
 With not a brightness waving o'er their plumes,
 And nought save chattering discord in their note.
 O let not, aim'd from some inhuman eye,
 The gun the music of the coming year
 Destroy; and harmless, unsuspecting harm, 975
 Lay the weak tribes, a miserable prey,
 In mingled murder, fluttering on the ground?

THE pale descending year, yet pleasing still,
 A gentler mood inspires; for now the leaf
 Incessant rustles from the mournful grove. 980
 O'erstartling such as, studious, walk below,
 And slowly circles thro the waving air.
 But should a quicker breeze amid the boughs
 Sob, o'er the sky the leafy deluge streams;
 'Till choak'd, and matted with the dreary shower,
 The forest-walks, at every rising gale, 986
 Roll wide the wither'd waste, and whistle bleak.
 Fled is the blasted verdure of the fields;
 And, shrunk into their beds, the flowery race
 Their sunny robes resign. Even what remain'd 990
 Of bolder fruits falls from the naked tree,
 And woods, fields, gardens, orchards, all around
 The desolated prospect thrills the soul.

HE comes! he comes! in every breeze the power
 Of philosophic melancholy comes! 995
 His near approach the sudden-starting tear,
 The glowing cheek, the mild dejected air,
 The softened feature, and the beating heart,
 Pierc'd deep with many a virtuous pang, declare.

O'er all the soul its sacred influence breathes; 1000
 Inflames imagination; thro' the breast
 Infuses every tenderness, and far
 Beyond dim earth exalts the swelling thought.
 Ten thousand thousand fleet ideas, such
 As never mingled with the vulgar dream, 1005
 Croud fast into the minds creative eye.
 As fast the correspondent passions rise,
 As varied, and as high: devotion rais'd
 To rapture, and divine astonishment;
 The love of nature unconfin'd, and, chief, 1010
 Of human race; the large ambitious wish,
 To make them blest, the sigh for suffering worth,
 Lost in obscurity, the noble scorn,
 Of tyrant pride: the fearless great resolve; 1015
 The wonder which the dying patriot draws,
 Inspiring glory thro' remotest time,
 Th' awakened throb for virtue, and for fame;
 The sympathies of love, and friendship dear,
 With all the social offspring of the heart. 1020

Oh bear me then to vast embowering shades!
 To twilight groves, and visionary vales;
 To weeping grottoes, and prophetic glooms,
 Where angel forms athwart the solemn dusk,
 Tremendous sweep, or seem to sweep along; 1025
 And voices more than human, thro' the void
 Deep sounding, seize th' enthusiastic ear.

OR is this gloom too much? then lead ye powers;
 That o'er the garden and the rural seat
 Preside, which shining thro' the chearful land 1030
 In countless numbers blest Britannia sees;
 O lead me to the wide-extended walks,
 The fair majestic paradise of stowe,
 Not Persian Cyrus, on Ionia's shore,
 E'er saw such silvan scenes, such various art 1035
 By genius fired, such ardent genius tam'd

By cool judicious art, that in the strife,
 All beauteous nature fears to be outdone.
 And there O Pit, thy country's early boast,
 There let me sit beneath the sheltered slopes, 1040
 Or in that † *Temple* where, in future times,
 Thou well shalt merit a distinguished name,
 And, with thy converse blest, catch the last smiles
 Of Autumn beaming o'er the yellow woods.
 While there with thee the' enchanted round I walk,
 The regulated wild, gay fancy then 1046
 Will tread in thought the groves of attic land;
 Will from thy standard taste refine her own,
 Correct her pencil to the purest truth
 Of nature, or, the unimpassioned shades 1050
 Forfaking, raise it to the human mind.
 O if hereafter she, with juster hand,
 Shall draw the tragic scene, instruct her thou,
 To mark the vary'd movements of the heart,
 What every decent character requires, 1055
 And every passion speaks: O thro' her strain
 Breathe thy pathetic eloquence! that moulds
 Th' attentive senate, charms, persuades, exalts,
 Of honest zeal the indignant lightning throws,
 And shakes corruption on her venal throne. 1060
 While thus we talk, and thro' Elysian vales
 Delighted rove, perhaps a sigh escapes:
 What pity, Cobham, thou thy verdant files
 Of ordered trees shouldst here inglorious range,
 Instead of squadrons flaming over the field, 1065
 And long-embattled hosts! When the proud foe
 The faithless vain disturber of mankind,
 Insulting Gaul, has rous'd the world to war;
 When keen, once more, within their bounds to press
 Those polish'd robbers, those ambitious slaves, 1070
 The British youth would hail thy wise command,
 Thy temper'd ardor and thy veteran skill.

† The Temple of Virtue in Stowe Gardens.

The western sun withdraws the shortened day;
 And humid evening, gliding o'er the sky,
 In her chill progress, to the ground condens'd 1075
 The vapours throws. Where creeping waters ooze,
 Where marches stagnate, and where rivers wind,
 Clutter the rolling fogs, and swim along
 The dusky mantled lawn. Mean while the moon
 Full-orb'd, and breaking thro' the scatter'd clouds,
 Shews her broad visage in the crimsoned east. 1081
 Turned to the sun direct, her spotted disk,
 Where mountains rise, umbrageous dales descend,
 And oceans roll, as optic tube descries,
 A smaller earth, gives all his blaze again. 1085
 Void of its flame, and sheds a softer day,
 Now thro' the passing cloud she seems to stoop,
 Now up the pure cerulean rides sublime.
 Wide the pale deluge floats, and streaming mild
 O'er the sky'd mountain to the shadowy vale 1090
 While rocks and floods reflect the quivering gleam
 The whole air whitens with a boundless tide
 Of silver radiance, trembling round the world.

But when half-blotted from the sky her light,
 Fainting, permits the starry fires to burn, 1095
 With keener luster thro' the depth of heaven;
 Or quite extinct her deadened orb appears,
 And scarce appears, of sickly beamless white,
 Oft in this season, silent from the north
 A blaze of meteors shoots: ensweeping first 1100
 The lower skies, they all at once converge
 High to the crown of heaven, and all at once
 Relapting quick as quickly reascend,
 And mix, and thwart, extinguish, and renew,
 All ether coursing in a maze of light. 1105

From look to look, contagious thro' the croud,
 The panic runs, and into wondrous shapes
 The appearance throws: armies in meet array,

Throng'd with aerial spears, and steeds of fire ;
 Till the long lines of full-extended war 1110
 In bleeding fight commixt, the sanguine flood
 Rolls a broad slaughter over the plains of heaven.
 As thus they scan the visionary scene,
 On all sides swells the superstitious din,
 Incontinent, and busy frenzy talks 1115
 Of blood and battle, cities over-turned,
 And late at night in swallowing earthquake sunk,
 Or hideous wrapt in fierce ascending flame,
 Of fallow famine, inundation, storm,
 Of pestilence, and every great distress, 1120
 Empires subvers'd, when ruling fate has struck
 The unalterable hour : even nature's self
 Is deemed to totter on the brink of time.
 Not so the man of philosophic eye,
 And inspect sage ; the waving brightness he 1125
 Curious surveys, inquisitive to know
 The causes, and materials, yet unfixed,
 Of this appearance beautiful, and new.

Now black, and deep, the night begins to fall,
 A shade immense Sunk in the quenching gloom, 1130
 Magnificent and vast, are heaven and earth.
 Order confounded lies ; all beauty void,
 Distinction lost, and gay variety
 One universal blot : such the fair power
 Of light, to kindle and create the whole. 1135
 Dread is the state of the benighted wretch,
 Who then, bewildered, wanders thro' the dark,
 Full of pale fancies, and chimeras huge ;
 Nor visited by one directive ray,
 From cottage streaming, or from airy hall. 1140
 Perhaps impatient as he stumbles on,
 Struck from the root of slimy rushes, blue,
 The wild-fire scatters round, or gathered trails
 A length of flame deceitful over the moss ;
 Whither decoyed by the fantastic blaze, 1145

AUTUMN.

1125

Now lost and now renewed, he sinks absorpt,
Rider and horse, amid the miry gulph :
While still, from day to day, his pining wife,
And plaintive children his return await,
In wild conjecture lost. At other times, 1150
Sent by the better genius of the night,
Innoxious, gleaming on the horse's mane,
The meteor sits, and shews the narrow path.
That winding leads thro' pits of death, or else
Instructs him how to take the dangerous ford. 1155

THE lengthened night elaps'd, the morning shines.
Serene, in all her dewy beauty bright,
Unfolding fair the last Autumnal day.
And now the mounting sun dispels the fog ;
The rigid hoar-frost melts before his beam ; 1160
And hung on every spray, on every blade
Of grass, the myriad dew drops twinkle round.

AN see where robbed, and murdered, in that pit,
Lies the still heaving hive ? at evening snatched,
Beneath the cloud of guilt-concealing night, 1166
And fixed o'er sulphur : while, not dreaming ill,
The happy people, in their waxen cells,
Sat tending public cares, and planning schemes
Of temperance, for winter poor ; rejoiced
To mark, full-flowing round, their copious stores.
Sudden the dark oppressive steam ascends, 1171
And, used to milder scents, the tender race,
By thousands, tumble from their honeyed domes,
Convolv'd, and agonizing in the dust.
And was it then for this you roamed the spring, 1175
Intent from flower to flower ? for this you toil'd
Ceaseless the burning summer-heats away ?
For this in Autumn searched the blooming waste,
Nor lost one sunny gleam ; for this sad fate ?
O man ? tyrannic Lord ; how long, how long, 1180
Shall prostrate nature groan beneath your rage,

Awaiting renovation? when obliged;
 Must you destroy? of their ambrosial food
 Can you not borrow; and, in just return,
 Afford them shelter from the wintry winds, 1185
 Or, as the sharp year pinches, with their own.
 Again regale them on some smiling day,
 See where the stony bottom of their town
 Looks desolate, and wild with here and there
 A helpless number, who the ruined state 1190
 Survive, lamenting weak, cast out to death.
 Thus a proud city, populous and rich,
 Full of the works of peace, and high in joy,
 At theatre or feast, or sunk in sleep,
 (As late, Palermo, was thy fate) is seized 1195
 By some dread earthquake, and convulsive hurled,
 Sheer from the black foundation, stench-involv'd,
 Into a gulph of blue sulphureous flame.

HENCE every harsher sight? for now the day,
 O'er heaven and earth diffus'd, grows warm, and high,
 Infinite splendor? wide investing all. 1200
 How still the breeze! save what the filmy threads
 Of dew evaporate brushes from the plain.
 How clear the cloudless sky! how deeply tinged.
 With a peculiar blue! the ethereal arch 1204
 How swell'd immense, amid whole azure thron'd.
 The radiant sun how gay, how calm below
 The gilded earth, the harvest-treasures all
 Now gather'd in, beyond the rage of storms,
 Sure to the swain; the circling fence shut up;
 And instant winters utmost rage defy'd. 1210
 While, loose to festive joy, the country round
 Laughs with the loud sincerity of mirth,
 Shook to the wind their cares. The toil-strong youth
 By the quick sense of the music taught alone,
 Leaps wildly graceful in the lively dance. 1215
 Her very charm abroad, the village-toast,
 Young, buxom, warm, in native beauty rich,

Darts not-unmeaning looks ; and, where her eye
 Points an approving smile, with double force,
 The cudgel rattles, and the wrestler twines. 1220
 Age too shines out, and, garrulous, recounts
 The feats of youth. Thus they rejoice, nor think
 That, with to-morrow's sun, their annual toil
 Begins again the never-ceasing round.

Oh knew he but this happiness, of men 1225
 The happiest he, who far from public rage,
 Deep in the vale, with a choice few retir'd,
 Drinks the pure pleasures of the rural life,
 What tho' the dome be wanting, whose proud gate,
 Each morning, vomits out the sneaking croud 1230
 Of flatterers false, and in their turn abused !
 Vile intercourse, what tho' the glittering robe,
 Of every hue reflected light can give,
 Or floating loose, or stiff with mazy gold,
 The pride and gaze of fools, oppresses him not ? 1235
 What tho', from utmost land and sea purveyed,
 For him each rarer tributary life
 Bleeds not, and his insatiate table heaps
 With luxury, and death ? What tho' his bowl
 Flames not with costly juice, nor sunk in beds, 1240
 Oft of gay care, he tosses out the night,
 Or melts the thoughtless hours in idle state,
 What tho' he knows not those fantastic joys,
 That still amuse the wanton, still deceive,
 A face of pleasure, but a heart of pain, 1245
 Their hollow moments undelighted all,
 Sure peace is his, a solid life, estranged
 To disappointment, and fallacious hope,
 Rich in content, in nature's bounty rich,
 In herbs and fruits ; whatever greens the spring,
 When heaven descends in showers, or bends the bough,
 When summer reddens, and when Autumn beams,
 Or in the wintry glebe whatever lies
 Concealed, and fattens with the richest sap,

These are not wanting, nor the milky drove, 1255
 Luxuriant, spread o'er all the lowing vale;
 Nor bleating mountains; nor the chide of streams,
 And hum of bees, inviting sleep sincere
 Into the guiltless breast, beneath the shade,
 Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay: 1260
 Nor caught beside of prospect, grove, or song,
 Dim grottos, gleaming lakes, and fountain clear.
 Here too dwells simple truth, plain innocence,
 Unfully'd beauty, sound unbroken youth,
 Patient of labour, with a little pleased; 1265
 Health ever-blooming, unambitious toil;
 Calm contemplation, and poetic ease.

LET others brave the flood, in quest of gain,
 And beat, for joyless months, the gloomy wave.
 Let such as deem it glory to destroy 1271
 Rush into blood, the sack of cities seek;
 Unpierc'd exulting in the widow's wail,
 The virgin's shriek, and infant's trembling cry.
 Let some, far-distant from their native soil, 1275
 Urg'd or by want or hardened avarice,
 Find other lands beneath another sun.
 Let this thro' cities work his eager way,
 By legal outrage, and established guile,
 The social sense extinct; and that ferment 1280
 Mad into tumult the seditious herd,
 Or melt them down to slavery. Let these
 Insnare the wretched in the toils of law,
 Fomenting discord, and perplexing right,
 An iron race, and those of fairer front, 1285
 But equal inhumanity, in courts,
 Delusive pomp, and dark cabals, delight;
 Wreath the deep bow, diffuse the lying smile,
 And tread the weary labyrinth of state.
 While he, from all the stormy passions free 1290
 That restless men involve, hears, and but hears,
 At distance safe, the human tempest roar,

Wrapt close in conscious peace. The fall of kings,
 The rage of nations, and the crush of states,
 Move not the man, who, from the world escaped,
 In still retreats, and flowery solitudes, 1296
 To nature's voice attends, from month to month,
 And day to day, thro' the revolving year;
 Admiring, sees her in her every shape;
 Feels all her sweet emotions at his heart, 1300
 Takes what she liberal gives, nor thinks of more
 He, when young spring protrudes the bursting gems,
 Marks the first bud, and sucks the healthful gale
 Into his freshen'd soul, her genial hours
 He full enjoys, and not a beauty blows, 1305
 And not an opening blossom breathes in vain.
 In summer he, beneath the living shade,
 Such as o'er frigid Tempe wont to wave,
 Or Hemus cool, reads what the muse, or these
 Perhaps, has in immortal numbers sung; 1310
 Or what she dictates writes, and oft an eye
 Shot round, rejoices in the vigorous year.
 When Autumn's yellow luster gilds the world,
 And tempts the fickle swain into the field,
 Seiz'd by the general joy, his heart distends 1315
 With gentle throws, and thro' the tepid gleams
 Deep-musing, then he best exerts his song.
 Even winter wild to him is full of bliss.
 The mighty tempest, and the hoary waste,
 Abrupt, and deep, stretched o'er the buried earth,
 Awake to solemn thought. At night the skies, 1321
 Disclos'd, and kindled, by refining frost,
 Pour every lustre on the exalted eye.
 A friend a book the stealing hours secure,
 And mark them down for wisdom. With swift wing,
 O'er land and sea imagination roams, 1326
 Or truth, divinely breaking on his mind,
 Elates his being, and unfolds his powers,
 Or in his breast heroic virtue burns.
 The touch of kindred too and love he feels 1330

The modest eye, whose beams on his alone
 Extatic shine, the little strong embrace
 Of prattling children, twined around his neck,
 And emulous to please him, calling forth
 The fond parental soul. Nor purpose gay, 1335
 Amusement, dance, or song, he sternly scorns,
 For happiness and true philosophy
 Are of the social still, and smiling kind.
 This is the life which those who fret in guilt,
 And guilty cities, never knew; the life, 1340
 Led by primeval ages, uncorrupt,
 When angels dwelt, and God himself, with man !

Oh nature ! all-sufficient ! over all !
 Enrich me with the knowledge of thy works !
 Snatch me to heaven ; thy rolling wonders there,
 World beyond world, in infinite extent, 1346
 Profusely scattered o'er the void immense,
 Shew me ; their motions, periods, and their laws,
 Give me to scan ; thro' the disclosing deep
 Light my blind way : the mineral Strata there, 1350
 Thrust, blooming, thence the vegetable world,
 O'er that the rising system, more complex,
 Of animals, and higher stile, the mind,
 The vary'd scene of quick-compounded thought,
 And where the mixing passions endless shift, 1355
 These ever open to my ravished eye,
 A search, the flight of time can ne'er exhaust !
 But if to that unequal ; if the blood,
 In sluggish streams about my heart, forbid
 That best ambition, under closing shades, 1360
 Inglorious, lay me by the lowly brook,
 And whisper to my dream. From thee begin,
 Dwell on thee, with thee conclude my song ;
 And let me never never stray from thee ! 1364

W I N T E R.

W I N T E R.

THE ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Address to Lord Wilmington. First Approach of winter. According to the natural course of the season, various storms described. Rain. Wind. Snow. The driving of the snows; A man perishing among them; whence reflections on the wants and miseries of human life. The wolves descending from the Alps and Apennines. A winter-evening described: as spent by philosophers; by the country people; in the city. Frost. A view of winter within the polar circle. A thaw. The whole concluding with moral reflections on a future state.

W I N T E R.

SEE, Winter comes, to rule the vary'd year,
 Sullen, and sad, with all his rising train;
 Vapours, and Clouds, and Storms Be these my theme;
 These, that exalt the soul to solemn thought,
 And heavenly musing. Welcome, kindred glooms ! 5
 Cogential horrors, hail ! with frequent foot,
 Pleas'd have I, in my cheerful morn of life,
 When nurs'd by careless solitude I liv'd,
 And sung of nature with unceasing joy,
 Pleas'd have I wander'd thro' your rough Domain ;
 Trod the pure virgin-snows, myself as pure ; 11
 Heard the winds roar, and the big torrent burst ;
 Or seen the deep fermenting tempest brewed,
 In the grim evening-sky. Thus pass'd the time,
 Till thro' the lucid chambers of the south 15
 Look'd out the joyous Spring, look'd out and smil'd.

To thee, the patron of her first essay,
 The muse, O Wilmington ! renews her song.
 Since has she rounded the revolving year :
 Skim'd the gay spring, on eagle-pinions borne, 20
 Attempted thro' the summer-blaze to rise ;
 Then swept o'er Autumn with the shadowy gale ;
 And now among the wintry clouds again,
 Roll'd in the doubling storm, she tries to soar,
 To swell her note with all the rushing winds, 25
 To suit her sounding cadence to the floods,
 As is her Theme ; her numbers wildly great,
 Thrice happy ! could she fill thy judging ear
 With bold description, and with manly thought.
 Nor art thou skill'd in awful schemes alone, 30
 And how to make a mighty people thrive :

But equal goodness, sound integrity,
 A firm unshaken uncorrupted soul
 Amid a sliding age, and burning strong,
 Not vainly blazing for thy country's weal, 35
 A steady spirit regularly free ;
 These, each exalting each, the statesman light
 Into the patriot, these, the publick hope
 And eye to thee converting, bid the muse
 Record what Envy dares not flattery call. 40

Now when the chearless Empire of the sky
 To Capricorn the Centaur-Archer yields,
 And fierce Aquarius, stains th' inverted year ;
 Hung o'er the farthest verge of heaven, the sun
 Scarce spreads o'er ether the dejected day.
 Faint are his gleams, and ineffectual shoot 45
 His struggling rays, in horizontal lines,
 Thro' the thick air ; as cloth'd in cloudy storm,
 Weak, wan, and broad, he skirts the southern sky,
 And, soon descending, to the long dark night,
 Wide-shading all, the prostrate world resigns. 50
 Nor is the night unwish'd, while vital heat,
 Light, life, and joy, the dubious day forsake.
 Mean-time, in sable cincture, shadows vast,
 Deep ting'd and damp, and congregated clouds,
 And all the vapoury turbulence of heaven 55
 Involve the face of things. Thus winter falls,
 A heavy gloom oppressive o'er the world,
 Thro' nature shedding influence malign,
 And rouses up the seeds of dark disease.
 The soul of man dies in him, loathing life, 60
 And black with more than melancholy views.
 The cattle drop ; and o'er the furrowed land,
 Fresh from the plow, the dun discoloured flocks,
 Untended spreading, crop the wholesome root.
 Along the woods, along the moorish pens, 65
 Sighs the sad Genius of the coming storm ;
 And up among the loose disjointed cliffs,

And fractured mountains wild, the brawling brook
 And cave, presageful, send a hollow moan,
 Resounding long in listening fancy's ear. 70

THEN comes the father of the Tempest forth,
 Wrapt in black glooms. First joyless rains obscure
 Drive thro' the mingling Skies with vapour foul;
 Dash on the Mountain's brow, and shake the woods,
 That grumbling wave below. Th' unsightly plain 75
 Lies a brown deluge; as the low-bent clouds
 Pour flood on flood, yet unexhausted still
 Combine, and deepening into night shut up
 The day's fair face. The wanderers of heaven,
 Each to his home, retire, save those that love 80
 To take their pastime in the troubled air,
 Or skimming flutter round the dimply pool.
 The cattle from th' untasted fields return,
 And ask, with meaning lowe, their wonted stalls,
 Or ruminate in the contiguous shade. 85
 Thither the household feathery people croud,
 The crested cock, with all his female train,
 Pensive, and dripping; while the cottage-hind
 Hangs o'er the enlivening blaze, and taleful there
 Recounts his simple frolick: much he talks, 90
 And much he laughs, nor recks the storm that blows
 Without, and rattles on his humble roof.

WIDE o'er the brim, with many a torrent swelled,
 And the mix'd ruin of its banks o'erspread,
 At last the rous'd-up river pours along: 95
 Resistless, roaring, dreadful, down it comes,
 From the rude mountain, and the mossy wild,
 Tumbling thro' rocks abrupt, and sounding far;
 Then o'er the sanded valley floating spreads,
 Calm, sluggish, silent; till again constrained, 100
 Between two meeting hills it bursts away,
 Where rocks and woods o'erhang the turbid stream;
 There gathering triple force, rapid, and deep,
 It boils, and wheels, foams, and thunders thro'.

NATURE! great parent! whose unceasing hand
 Rolls round the seasons of the changeful year, 106
 How mighty, how majestic, are thy works!
 With what a pleasing dread they swell the soul!
 That sees astonished! and astonished sings!
 Ye too, ye winds! that now begin to blow, 110
 With boisterous sweep, I raise my voice to you.
 Where are your stores, ye powerful beings? say,
 Where your aerial magazines reserved,
 To swell the brooding terrors of the storm.
 In what far-distant region of the sky, 115
 Hush'd in dead silence, sleep you when 'tis calm;

WHEN from the pallid Sky the Sun descends,
 With many a spot, that o'er his glaring Orb
 Uncertain wanders, stained; red fiery streaks
 Begin to flush around. The reeling clouds 120
 Stagger with dizzy poise, as doubting yet
 Which master to obey: while rising slow,
 Blank, in the leaden-coloured east, the Moon
 Wears a wan circle round her blunted horns.
 Seen thro' the turbid fluctuating air, 125
 The stars obtuse emit a shivering ray;
 Or frequent seem to shoot athwart the gloom,
 And long behind them trail the whitening blaze.
 Snatch'd in short eddies, plays the withered leaf;
 And on the flood the dancing feather floats. 130
 With broaden'd nostrils to the sky upturn'd,
 The conscious Heifer snuffs the stormy gale.
 Even as the Matron, at her nightly task,
 With pensive labour draws the flaxen thread,
 The wasted Taper and the crackling flame 135
 Foretell the blast. But chief the plummy race,
 The tenants of the Sky, it's changes speak.
 Retiring from the Downs, where all day long
 They pick'd their scanty fare, a blackening train
 Of clamorous rooks thick urge their weary flight,

And seek the closing shelter of the grove, 141
 Assiduous, in his bower, the wailing Owl
 Pines his sad song. The Cormorant on high
 Wheels from the deep, and screams along the land.
 Loud shrieks the soaring Hern, and with wild wing
 The circling sea-fowl cleave the flaky clouds. 146
 Ocean, unequal press'd, with broken tide
 And blind commotion heaves : while from the shore,
 Eat into caverns by the restless wave, 151
 And forest-rustling mountain, comes a voice,
 That solemn-sounding bids the world prepare.
 Then issues forth the storm with sudden burst,
 And hurls the whole precipitated air, 155
 Down in a torrent. On the passive main
 Descends the ethereal force, and with strong gust
 Turns from it's bottom the discoloured deep.
 Thro' the black night that sits immense around,
 Lash'd into foam, the fierce conflicting brine 160
 Seems o'er a thousand raging waves to burn ;
 Meantime the mountain-billows, to the clouds
 In dreadful tumult swell'd, surge above surge,
 Burst into Chaos with tremendous roar,
 And anchor'd Navies from their stations drive, 165
 Wild as the winds across the howling waste
 Of mighty waters : now the inflated wave
 Straining they scale, and now impetuous shoot
 Into the secret chambers of the deep,
 The wintry Baltick thundering o'er their head. 170
 Emerging thence again, before the breath
 Of full-exerted heaven they wing their course,
 And dart on distant coasts ; if some sharp rock,
 Or shoal insidious break not their career,
 And in loose fragments fling them floating round.

Nor less at land the loosened tempest reigns. 176
 The mountain thunders : and it's sturdy sons
 Stoop to the bottom of the rocks they shade.

Lone on the midnight steep, and all aghast,
 The dark way-faring stranger breathless toils, 180
 And, often falling, climbs against the blast.
 Low waves the rooted forest, vexed, and sheds
 What of its tarnish'd honours yet remain ;
 Dash'd down, and scattered, by the tearing wind's
 Assiduous fury, it's gigantic limbs. 185
 Thus struggling thro' the dissipated grove,
 The whirling tempest raves along the plain ;
 And on the cottage thatch'd, or lordly roof,
 Keep fastening, shakes them to the solid base.
 Sleep frightened flies ; and round the rocking dome,
 For entrance eager, howls the savage blast. 191
 Then too, they say, thro' all the burthened air,
 Long groans are heard, shrill sounds, and distant sighs,
 That, utter'd by the demon of the night,
 Warn the devoted wretch of woe and death. 195

Huge uproar lords it wide. The clouds commix'd
 With stars swift-gliding sweep along the Sky.
 All nature reels. Till nature's King, who oft
 Amid tempestuous darkness dwells alone,
 And on the wings of the careering wind 200
 Walks dreadfully serene; commands a calm ;
 Then straight, air, sea and earth are hushed at once.

- As yet 'tis midnight deep. The weary clouds,
 Slow meeting, mingle into solid gloom.
 Now, while the drowsy world lies lost in sleep, 205
 Let me associate with the serious night,
 And contemplation her sedate compeer ;
 Let me shake off the intrusive cares of day,
 And lay the meddling senses all aside.

WHERE now, ye lying vanities of life ! 210
 Ye ever-tempting ever-cheating train !
 Where are you now ? and what is your amount ?

Vexation, disappointment, and remorse:
 Sad, sickening thought ! and yet deluded man,
 A scene of crude disjointed visions past, 215
 And broken slumbers, rises still resolv'd
 With new-flush'd hopes, to run the giddy round.

FATHER of light and life ! thou Good Supreme !
 'O teach me what is good ! teach me Thyself !
 Save me from folly, vanity, and vice, 220
 From every low pursuit ! and feed my soul
 With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure,
 Sacred, substantial, never fading bliss !

THE keener tempests come : and fuming dun
 From all the livid east, or piercing north, 225
 Thick clouds ascend ; in whose capacious womb
 A vapoury deluge lies, to snow congealed.
 Heavy they roll their fleecy world along ;
 And the Sky saddens with the gathered storm.
 Thro' the hush'd air the whitening shower descends,
 At first thin-wavering ; till at last the flakes 231
 Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the day,
 With a continual flow. The cherished fields
 Put on their winter-robe, of purest white.
 'Tis brightness all ; save where the new snow melts,
 Along the mazy current. Low, the woods 235
 Bow their hoar head ; and, ere the languid sun
 Faint from the west emits his evening ray,
 Earth's universal face, deep-hid, and chill,
 Is one wild dazzling waste, that buries deep 240
 The works of man. Drooping, the labourer-Ox
 Stands covered o'er with snow, and then demands
 The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,
 Tam'd by the cruel season, croud around
 The winnowing store, and claim the little boon 245
 Which providence assigns them. One alone,
 The red-breast, sacred to the household Gods,
 Wisely regardful of the embreiling Sky,

In joyless fields, and thorny thickets, leaves
 His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man 250
 His annual visit. Half-afraid, he first
 Against the window beats; then, brisk, alights
 On the warm hearth; then, hopping o'er the floor,
 Eyes all the smiling family askance,
 And pecks, and starts, wonders where he is; 255
 Till more familiar grown, the table crumbs
 Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds
 Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The Hare,
 Tho' timorous of heart, and hard beset
 By death in various forms, dark snares, and dogs,
 And more un pitying men, the garden seeks, 261
 Urg'd on by fearless want. The bleating kind
 Eye the black heaven, and the glittering earth,
 With looks of dumb despair; then, sad-dispersed,
 Dig for the withered herb thro' heaps of snow. 265

Now, shepherds, to your helpless charge be kind,
 Baffle the raging year, and fill their pens
 With food at will; lodge them below the storm,
 And watch them strict: for from the bellowing east,
 In this dire season; oft the whirlwinds wing 270
 Sweeps up the burthen of whole wintry plains
 In one wide waft, and o'er the hapless flocks,
 Hid in the hollow of two neighbouring hills,
 The billowy tempest whelms; till, upward urged,
 The valley to a shining mountain swells, 275
 Tipt with a wreath, high-curling in the sky,

As thus the snows arise; and foul, and fierce.
 All winter drives along the darkened air;
 In his own loose-revolving fields, the swain
 Disaster'd stands; sees other hills ascend, 280
 Of unknown joyless brow, and other scenes,
 Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain:
 Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid
 Beneath the formless wild; but wanders on

From hill to dale, still more and more astray : 275
 Impatient flouncing thro' the drifted heaps,
 Stung with the thoughts of home; the thoughts of home
 Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth
 In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul!
 What black despair, what horror fills his heart! 290
 When for the dusky spot, which fancy feigned
 His tufted cottage rising thro' the snow,
 He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
 Far from the track, and blest abode of man:
 While round him night resistless closes fast, 295
 And every tempest, howling o'er his head,
 Renders the savage wilderness more wild.
 Then throng the busy shapes into his mind,
 Of covered pits, unfathomably deep,
 A dire descent! beyond the power of frost, 300
 Of faithless bogs, and, what is land unknown,
 What water, of the still unfrozen spring,
 In the loose marsh or solitary lake,
 Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils. 305
 These check his fearful steps, and down he sinks
 Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
 Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,
 Mix'd with the tender anguish nature shoots
 Thro' the wrung bosom of the dying man, 310
 His wife, his children, and his friends unseen.
 In vain for him the officious wife prepares
 The fire fair-blazing, and the vestment warm;
 In vain his little children, peeping out
 Into the mingling storm, demand their Sire, 316
 With tears of artless innocence. Alas!
 Nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold,
 Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve.
 The deadly winter seizes; shuts up sense;
 And, o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold, 320
 Lays him along the snows, a stiffened corse,
 Stretch'd out, and bleaching in the northern blast.

Ah little think the gay licentious proud,
 Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround ;
 They, who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,
 And wanton, often cruel riot, waste ; 326
 Ah little think they, while they dance along,
 How many feel, this very moment, death
 And all the sad variety of pain ?
 How many sink in the devouring flood, 330
 Or more devouring flame. How many bleed,
 By shameful variance betwixt man and man.
 How many pine in want, and dungeon glooms,
 Shut from the common air, and common use
 Of their own limbs. How many drink the cup 335
 Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
 Of misery. Sore pierc'd by wintry winds,
 How many shrink into the sordid hut
 Of chearless poverty, How many shake
 With all the fiercer tortures of the mind, 340
 Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse ;
 Whence tumbled headlong from the height of life,
 They furnish matter for the tragic muse.
 Even in the vale, where wisdom loves to dwell,
 With friendship, peace, and contemplation join'd,
 How many, rack'd with honest passions, droop 346
 In deep retired distress. How many stand
 Around the death-bed, of their dearest friends,
 And point the parting anguish. Thought fond man
 Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills, 350
 That one incessant struggle render life,
 One scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate,
 Vice in his high career would stand appall'd,
 And heedless rambling impulse learn to think ;
 The conscious heart of charity would warm, 355
 And her wide wish benevolence dilate ;
 The social tear would rise, the social sigh,
 And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,
 Refining still, the social passions work.

AND here can I forget the generous † Band, 360
 Who touch'd with human Woe, redressive search'd
 Into the horrors of the gloomy Jail ?
 Unpity'd, and unheard, where misery moans ;
 Where sickness pines ; Where thirst and hunger burn,
 And poor misfortune feels the lash of Vice. 365
 While in the land of liberty, the Land
 Whose every street and public meeting glow
 With open freedom, little Tyrants rag'd :
 Snatch'd the lean morsel from the starving mouth ;
 Tore from cold wintry limbs the tatter'd weed ;
 Even robb'd them of the last of comforts, Sleep ;
 The free-born Briton to the dungeon chain'd, 372
 Or, as the Lust of Cruelty prevail'd,
 At pleasure mark'd him with inglorious Stripes ;
 And crush'd our lives, by secret barbarous ways, 375
 That for their country would have toil'd, or bled.
 O great Design ! if executed well,
 With patient care, and wisdom- temper'd zeal.
 Ye Sons of Mery ! yet resume the Search ;
 Drag forth the legal Monsters into light, 380
 Wrench from their hands Oppression's iron Rod,
 And bid the cruel feel the pains they give.
 Much still untouch'd remains ; in this rank age,
 Much is the Patriot's weeding hand requir'd.
 The toils of law, (what dark insidious men, 385
 Have cumbrous added to perplex the truth
 And lengthen simple justice into trade)
 How glorious were the day ! that saw these broke,
 And every man within the reach of Right.

By wintry famine rous'd, from all the Tract 390
 Of horrid Mountains which the shining Alps,
 And wavy Appenines, and Pyrenees,
 Branch out stupendous into distant lands ;
 Cruel as Death, and hungry as the Grave ! 395
 Burning for blood ! bony, and ghastly, and grim !

Q

† The Jail Committee, in the year 1726.

Assembling Wolves in raging troops descend ;
 And, pouring o'er the country, bear along,
 Keen as the North-wind sweeps the glossy Snow.
 All is their prize. They fasten on the Steed, 400
 Press him to Earth, and pierce his mighty heart.
 Nor can the Bull his awful front defend.
 Or shake the murdering Savages away.
 Rapacious, at the mother's throat they fly,
 And tear the screaming Infant from her breast. 405
 The godlike face of Man avails him nought.
 Even beauty, force divine ! at whose bright glance
 The generous Lion stands in soften'd Gaze,
 Here bleeds, a hapless undistinguish'd prey.
 But if, apprized of the severe attack, 410
 The country be shut up, lur'd by the Scent,
 On Church yards drear (inhuman to relate !
 The disappointed Prowlers fall, and dig
 The shrouded Body from the Grave ; o'er which,
 Mix'd with foul shades, and frightened ghosts, they howl.

AMONG those hilly Regions, were embrac'd 416
 In peaceful Vales the happy Grisons dwell ;
 Oft, rushing sudden from the loaded Cliffs,
 Mountains of Snow their gathering terrors roll.
 From steep to steep, loud thundering, down they come,
 A wintry waste in dire Commotion all ; 421
 And herds, and flocks, and travellers, and swains,
 And sometimes whole brigades of marching troops,
 Or Hamlets sleeping in the dead of night,
 Are deep beneath the smothering ruin whelm'd 425

Now, all amid the rigours of the year,
 In the wild depth of winter, while without
 The ceaseless winds blow Ice ; by my retreat,
 Between the groaning forest and the shore,
 Beat by a boundless multitude of waves, 430
 A rural, shelter'd, solitary, Scene ;
 Where ruddy fire and beaming tapers join,

To cheer the Gloom. Their studious let me sit,
 And hold high converse with the Mighty Dead ;
 Sages of antient time, as Gods rever'd, 435
 As Gods beneficent, who blest Mankind
 With arts, and arms, and humaniz'd a World.
 Rous'd at the inspiring thought, I throw aside
 The long-liv'd Volume ; and, deep musing hail
 The sacred Shades, that slowly-rising pass 440
 Before my wondering eyes. First Socrates,
 Who firmly good in a corrupted State,
 Against the rage of Tyrants single stood,
 Invincible ! calm reasons holy law,
 That Voice of God within th' attentive mind, 445
 Obeying, fearless, or in life, or death :
 Great Moral Teacher ! Wisest of Mankind !
 Solon the next, who built his Common well
 On Equity's wide Base ; by tender laws
 A lively people curbing, yet undamn'd 450
 Preserving still that quick peculiar fire,
 Whence in the laurel'd field of finer arts,
 And of bold freedom, they unequal'd shone,
 The pride of smiling Greece, and human kind.
 Lycurgus then, who bow'd beneath the force 455
 Of strictest discipline, severely wise,
 All human passions. Following him, I see,
 As at Thermopylæ he glorious fell,
 The firm † Devoted Chief, who prov'd by deeds
 The hardest lesson which the other taught. 460
 Then Aristides lifts his honest Front ;
 Spotless of heart, to whom th' unflattering voice
 Of freedom gave the noblest name of Just ;
 In pure majestic Poverty rever'd ;
 Who, even his glory to his country's weal 465
 Submitting, swell'd a haughty † Rival's fame.

Q 2

† Leonidas.

† Themistocles.

Rear'd by his care, of softer Ray, appears
 Cimon sweet-soul'd ; whole genius, rising strong,
 Shook off the load of young Debauch ; abroad
 The scourge of persian pride, at home the friend
 Of every worth and every splendid art ; 471
 Modest, and simple, in the pomp of wealth.
 Then the last worthies of declining Greece,
 Late-call'd to Glory, in Unequal times,
 Pensive, appear. The fair Corinthian boast 475
 Timoleon, temper'd happy, mild, and firm,
 Who wept the Brother while the Tyrant bled.
 And, equal to the best, the † Theban Pair,
 Whose virtues, in Heroic Concord join'd, 480
 Their country rais'd to Freedom, Empire, Fame.
 He too, with whom Athenian honour sunk,
 And left a Mass of sordid Lees behind,
 Phocion the Good ; in public life severe,
 To virtue still inexorably firm ; 485
 But when, beneath his low illustrious Roof,
 Sweet Peace and happy Wisdom smooth'd his Brow,
 Not friendship softer was, nor love more kind.
 And he, the last of old Lycurgus' Sons,
 The generous Victim to that vain attempt, 490
 To save a rotten State, Agis, who saw
 Even Sparta's self to servile Avarice sunk,
 The two Achaian Heroes close the Train.
 Aratus, who a while relum'd the Soul
 Of fondly-lingering liberty in Greece : 495
 And he her Darling as her latest hope,
 The gallant Philopemon ; who to arms
 Turn'd the luxurious Pomp he could not cure ;
 Or toiling in his Farm, a simple Swain ;
 Or, bold and faithful, thundering in the field. 500

OF rougher front, a mighty people come !
 A race of Heroes ! in those virtuous times
 Which knew no stain, save that with partial flame

† Pelopidas, and Epaminondas.

Their dearest country they too fondly lov'd.
 Her better Founder first, the light of Rome. 505
 Numa, who soften'd her rapacious Sons.
 Servius the King, who laid the solid Base
 On which o'er Earth the Vast Republic spread,
 Then the great Consuls venerable rise.
 The † Public Father who the Private quell'd, 510
 As on the dread Tribunal sternly sad.
 He, whom his thankless Country could not lose,
 Camillus, only vengeful to her Foes.
 Fabricius, Scorner of all-conquering Gold;
 And Cincinnatus, awful from the Plow. 515
 Thy † Willing Victim, Carthage, bursting loose
 From all that pleading Nature could oppote,
 From a whole City's tears, by rigid Faith
 Imperious call'd and honour's dire command.
 Scipio, the Gentle Chief, humanely brave, 520
 Who soon the race of spotless Glory ran,
 And, warm in youth, to the Poetic Shade
 With Friendship and Philosophy retir'd.
 Tully, whose powerful Eloquence a while
 Restrain'd the Rapid fate of rushing Rome. 525
 Unconquer'd Cato, virtuous in Extreme.
 And thou, unhappy Brutus, kind of heart,
 Whose steady arm, by awful virtue urg'd,
 Lifted the Roman Steel against thy friend.
 Thousands, besides, the Tribute of a Verse 530
 Demand; but who can count the Stars of Heaven?
 Who sing their influence on this lower World?

BEHOLD, who yonder comes! in sober state,
 Fair, mild, and strong, as is a vernal Sun:
 'Tis Phæbus' self, or else the Mantuan Swain! 535
 Great Homer too appears, of daring wing,

Q 5

† Marcus Junius Brutus.

† Regulus.

Parent of Song ! and Equal by his side,
 The British Muse ; join'd hand in hand they walk,
 Darkling, full up the middle Steep to Fame.
 Nor absent are those shades, whose skilful hand 540
 Pathetic drew th' impassion'd heart, and charm'd
 Transported Athens with the Moral Scene :
 Nor those who, tuneful, wak'd th' enchanting Lyre.

FIRST of your kind ! Society divine !
 Still visit thus my Nights, for you reserv'd, 545
 And mount my soaring Soul to thoughts like yours.
 Silence, thou lonely power ! the door be thine ;
 See on the hollow'd hour that none intrude,
 Save a few chosen friends, that sometimes deign
 To bless my humble roof, with sense refin'd, 550
 Learning digested well, exalted Faith,
 Unity'd wit, and humour ever gay.
 Or from the Muses' Hill will Pope descend,
 To raise the sacred hour, to bid it smile,
 And with the social Spirit warm the heart :
 For tho' not sweeter his own Homer sings,
 Yet is his life the more endearing Song.

WHERE art thou, Hammond ? thou the darling pride,
 The friend and lover of the tuneful throng !
 Ah why, dear youth, in all the blooming prime 560
 Of vernal Genius, where disclosing fast
 Each active worth each manly Virtue lay,
 Why wert thou ravish'd from our hope so soon ?
 What now avails that noble thirst of Fame,
 Which stung thy fervent Breast ? that treasured store
 Of knowledge, early gain'd ? that eager Zeal 565
 To serve thy country, glowing in the Band
 Of Youthful Patriots, who sustain her name ?
 What now alas ! that life diffusing Charm
 Of sprightly wit ? that rapture for the Muse, 570
 That heart of friendship, and that soul of Joy,

Which bade with softest light thy Virtues smile ?
 Ah ! only shew \ddot{u} , to check our fond pursuits,
 And teach our humbled hopes that life is vain !

Thus in some deep retirement would I pass, 575
 The winter-glooms, with friends of pliant soul,
 Or blithe, or solemn, as the Theme inspir'd :
 With them would search, if Nature's boundless Frame
 Was call'd, late rising from the Void of night,
 Or sprung Eternal from the Eternal Mind, 580
 It's Springs, it's Laws, it's Progress, and it's End.
 Hence larger prospects of the beauteous whole
 Would, gradual, open on our opening minds ;
 And each diffusive harmony unite,
 In full perfection, to th' astonish'd eye. 585
 Then would we try to scan the Moral World,
 Which, tho' to us it seems embroil'd, moves on
 In higher order ; fitted, and impell'd,
 By Wisdom's finest hand, and issuing all
 In general good. The sage Historic Muse 590
 Should next conduct us thro' the deeps of time :
 Shew us how Empire grew, declin'd, and fell,
 In scattered States ; what makes the Nations smile,
 Improves their Soil, and gives them double Suns ;
 And why they pine beneath the brightest Skies, 595
 In Nature's richest Lap. As thus we talk'd,
 Our hearts would burn within us, would inhale
 That portion of Divinity, that ray
 Of purest Heaven, which lights the public Soul
 Of Patriots, and of Heroes. But if doom'd, 600
 In powerless humble fortune, to repress
 These ardent risings of the kindling Soul ;
 Then, even superior to ambition, we
 Would learn the private Virtues ; how to glide
 Thro' shades and plains, along the smoothest stream
 Of rural life . or snatch'd away by Hope, 606
 Thro' the dim Spaces of Futurity,
 With earnest eye anticipate those Scenes

Of happiness, and wonder ; where the mind,
 In endless growth and infinite ascent 610
 Rises from State to State, and World to World,
 But when with these the serious thought is foil'd,
 We, shunning for relief, would play the shapes
 Of frolic Fancy ; and incessant form
 Those rapid pictures, that assembled train 615
 Of fleet Ideas, never join'd before,
 Whence lively Wit excites to gay surprize ;
 Or folly-painting Humour, grave himself,
 Calls laughter forth, deep-shaking every Nerve.

MEAN-time the Village rouses up the fire ;
 While well attested, and as well believ'd,
 Heard solemn, goes the Goblin-story round ;
 Till superstitious horror creeps o'er all.
 Or, frequent in the sounding Hall, they wake
 The rural Gambol. Rustic mirth goes round : 625
 The simple Joke that takes the Shepherd's Heart,
 Easily pleased ; the long loud laugh, sincere ;
 'The kifs, snatch'd hasty from the sidelong Maid,
 On purpose guardless, or pretending Sleep :
 The Leap, the Slap, the Haul ; and, shook to Notes
 Of native Music, the respondent Dance. 631
 Thus jocund fleets with them the winter-night.

THE City swarms intense. The public Haunt,
 Full of each Theme, and warm with mixt Discourse,
 Hums indistinct. The Sons of Riot flow 635
 Down the loose stream of false enchanted joy,
 To swift destruction. On the rankled Soul
 The gaming Fury falls, and in one Gulph
 Of total ruin, honour, virtue, peace,
 Friends, families, and fortune, headlong sink. 640
 Up-springs the Dance along the lighted Dome,
 Mix'd, and evolv'd, a thousand sprightly ways.
 The glittering Court effuses every Pomp ;
 The circle deepens : beam'd from gaudy Robes,

Tapers, and sparkling Gems, and radiant Eyes, 645
 A soft Effulgence o'er the Palace waves:
 While, a gay insect in his Summer-shine,
 The Fop, light-fluttering, spreads his mealy wings.

DREAD o'er the scene, the Ghost of Hamlet stalks;
 Othello rages; poor Monimia mourns; 650
 And Belvidera pours her soul in love.
 Deep-thrilling terror shakes; the comely Tear
 Steals o'er the cheek: or else the Comic Muse
 Holds to the world a picture of itself,
 And raises fly the fair impartial laugh. 655
 Sometimes she lifts her Strain, and paints the scenes
 Of beauteous life; whate'er can deck mankind,
 Or charm the heart, in generous † Bevil shew'd.

O thou, whose wisdom, solid yet refin'd,
 Whose Patriot-virtues, and consummate skill 660
 To touch the finer Springs that move the world,
 Join'd to whatever the Graces can bestow,
 And all Apollo's animating fire,
 Give thee, with pleasing dignity, to shine
 At once the Guardian, Ornament, and Joy, 665
 Of polish'd life; permit the Rural Muse,
 O Chesterfield, to grace with thee her song!
 Ere to the Shades again she humbly flies,
 Indulge her fond ambition, in thy train,
 (For every Muse has in thy Train a place) 670
 To mark thy various full-accomplish'd mind:
 To mark that spirit, which, with British Scorn,
 Rejects th' Allurements of corrupted power;
 That elegant politeness, which excels
 Even in the Judgement of presumptuous France, 675
 The boasted manners of her shining Court;
 That wit, the vivid Energy of sense,
 The truth of Nature, which with Attic point,

A Character in the Conscious Lovers, written by Sir Richard Steel.

And kind well-temper'd Satire, smoothly keen,
 Steals thro' the soul, and without pain corrects. 680
 Or, rising thence with yet a brighter flame,
 O let me hail thee on some glorious day,
 When to the listening Senate, ardent, croud
 Britannia's Sons to hear her pleaded cause.
 Then dress'd by thee, more amiably fair, 680
 Truth the soft Robe of mild Persuasion wears :
 Thou to assenting reason givest again
 Her own enlighten'd thoughts; call'd from the heart,
 Th' obedient passions on thy Voice attend ;
 And even reluctant party feels a while 690
 Thy gracious power : as thro' the vary'd Maze
 Of Eloquence, now smooth, now quick, now strong,
 Profound and clear, you roll the copious flood.

To thy lov'd Haunt return, my happy Muse :
 For now, behold, the joyous winter'-days, 695
 Frosty, succeed ; and thro' the blue Serene,
 For sight too fine, th' ethereal Nitre flies ;
 Killing infectious Damps, and the spent Air
 Storing afresh with elemental life.
 Close crowds the shining Atmosphere ; and binds 700
 Our strengthen'd bodies in it's cold embrace,
 Constringent ; feeds, and animates our blood ;
 Refines our Spirits thro' the new-strung Nerves,
 In swifter Sallies darting to the Brain ;
 Where sits the Soul, intense, collected, cool, 705
 Bright as the skies, and as the season keen.
 All Nature feels the renovating Force
 Of winter, only to the thoughtless eye
 In ruin seen. The Frost-concocted Glebe
 Draws in abundant vegetable soul, 710
 And gathers Vigour for the coming year.
 A stronger glow sits on the lively cheek
 Of ruddy fire : and luculent along
 The purer rivers flow ; their fullen deeps,

WINTER.

152

Transparent, open to the Shepherd's Gaze, 715
And murmur hoarser at the fixing frost.

What art thou frost? and whence are thy keen stores
Derived, thou secret all-invading power,
Whom even th' illusive Fluid cannot fly?

Is not thy potent Energy, unseen, 720

Myriads of little Salts, or hook'd or shap'd
Like double wedges, and diffus'd immense
Thro' Water, Earth, and Ether; Hence at Eve,
Steam'd eager from the red Horizon round,
With the fierce rage of winter deep suffus'd, 725

An icy Gale, oft shifting, o'er the Pool
Breathes a blue Film, and in its mid Career
Arrests the bickering stream. The loosen'd Ice,
Let down the flood, and half dissolv'd by day,
Rustles no more; but to the sedge Bank 730

Fast grows, or gathers round the pointed stone,
A crystal pavement, by the breath of Heaven
Cemented firm; till, seiz'd from shore to shore,
The whole imprisoned river growls below.

Loud rings the frozen Earth, and hard reflects 735

A double noise; while, at his evening Watch,
The village Dog deters the nightly Thief;
The Heifer lows; the distant Water-fall
Swells in the Breeze; and, with the hasty Tread
Of Traveller, the hollow-sounding Plain 740

Shakes from afar. The full ethereal Round,
Infinite Worlds disclosing to the View,
Shines out intensely keen; and, all one Cope
Of starry Glitter, glows from Pole to Pole.

From Pole to Pole the rigid Influence falls, 745
Thro' the still night, incessant, heavy, strong,
And seizes Nature fast. It freezes on;

Till morn, late-rising o'er the drooping world,
Lifts her pale Eye unjoyous. Then appears
The various labour of the silent night: 750

Prone from the dripping Eave, and dumb Cascade,

Whose idle Torrents only seem to roar,
 The pendant Icicle ; the Frost-work fair,
 Where transient Hues, and fancy'd figures rise :
 Wide spouted o'er the hill, the frozen Brook, 755
 A livid tract, cold-gleaming on the morn ;
 The forest bent beneath the plummy wave ;
 And by the Frost refin'd the whiter Snow,
 Incrusted hard, and sounding to the tread
 Of early Shepherd, as he pensive seeks 760
 His pining flock, or from the Mountain top,
 Pleas'd with the slippery surface, swift descends.

On blithsome frolicks bent, the youthful Swains,
 While every work of man is laid at rest,
 Fond o'er the river croud, in various sport 765
 And Revelry dissolv'd ; where mixing glad,
 Happiest of all the train ! the raptur'd Boy
 Lashes the whirling Top. Or, where the Rhine
 Branch'd out in many a long Canal extends,
 From every Province swarming, void of care, 770
 Batavia rushes forth ; and as they sweep,
 On sounding skates, a thousand different ways,
 In circling poise, swift as the winds, along,
 The then gay land is madden'd all to joy.
 Nor less the northern Courts, wide o'er the Snow,
 Pour a new pomp. Eager, on rapid sleds 776
 Their vigorous youth in bold contention wheel
 The long-resounding course. Meantime, to raise
 The manly strife, with highly-blooming Charms,
 Flush'd by the season, Scandinavia's Dames, 780
 Or Russia's buxom Daughter's glow around.

PURE, quick, and sportful, is the wholesome day ;
 But soon elaps'd. The horizontal Sun,
 Broad o'er the south, hangs at his utmost Noon ; 790
 And, ineffectual, strikes the gelid Cliff.
 His azure Gloss the mountain still maintains,

Nor feels the feeble touch. Perhaps the Vale
 Relents a while to the reflected ray;
 Or from the forest falls the cluster'd snow, 795
 Myriads of Gems, that in the waving Gleam
 Gay-twinkle as they scatter. Thick around
 Thunders the sport of those, who with the gun,
 And dog impatient bounding at the shot,
 Worse than the season, desolate the fields; 800
 And, adding to the ruins of the year,
 Distress the footed or the feathered game.

BUT what is this? our infant winter sinks,
 Divested of his grandeur, should our eye
 Astonish'd shoot into the Frigid Zone; 805
 Where, for relentless months, continual night,
 Holds o'er the glittering waste her starry Reign.

THERE, thro' the prison of unbounded wilds,
 Barr'd by the hand of Nature from escape,
 Wide-rooms the Russian Exile. Nought around 810
 Strikes his sad eye, but desarts lost in Snow;
 And heavy-loaded groves; and solid floods,
 That stretch, athwart the solitary Vast,
 Their icy horrors to the frozen Main;
 And cheerless towns far-distant, never bless'd, 815
 Save when it's annual course the Caravan
 Bends to the golden coast of rich † Cathay,
 With news of Human-kind. Yet there life glows;
 Yet cherish'd there, beneath the shining Waste,
 The furry Nations harbour; tip'd with Jet, 820
 Fair Ermines, spotless as the Snows they press;
 Sables, of glossy black; and dark-embrown'd,
 Or beauteous freckt with many a mingled hue,
 Thousands besides, the costly pride of Courts. 824
 There, warm together press'd, the trooping Deer
 Sleep on the new-fallen Snows; and, scarce his head

R

† The old Name for China.

Rais'd o'er the heapy wreath, the branching Elk
 Lies slumbering fullen in the white Abyſs.
 Nor dogs, nor toils, they want; nor with the dread
 Of ſounding Bows the ruthleſs Hunter drives 830
 The fearful-flying race; with ponderous Clubs,
 As weak againſt the Mountain-heaps, they puſh
 Their beating breſt in vain, and piteous bray,
 He lays them quivering on th' enſanguin'd Snows,
 And with loud ſhouts rejoicing bears them home.
 There thro' the piny Foreſt half-abſorpt, 836
 Rough tenant of theſe ſhades, the ſhapeleſs Bear,
 With dangling Ice all horrid, ſtalks forlorn;
 Slow-pac'd, and ſourer as the ſtorms increaſe,
 He makes his bed beneath th' inclement drift, 840
 And, with ſtern patience, ſcorning weak complaint,
 Hardens his heart againſt aſſailing want.

WIDE o'er the ſpacious Regions of the North,
 That ſee Bootes urge his tardy Wain,
 A boiſterous race, by froſty † Caurus pierc'd, 845
 Who little pleaſure know and fear no pain,
 Prolific ſwarm. They once relum'd the Flame
 O' loſt mankind in poliſh'd ſlavery ſunk,
 Drove martial ‡ Horde on Horde, with dreadful ſweep
 Reſiſtleſs ruſhing o'er th' enfeeble'd South, 850
 And gave the vanquiſh'd World another form.
 Not ſuch the ſons of Lapland: wiſely they
 Deſpiſe th' inſenſate barbarous trade of war;
 They aſk no more than ſimple nature gives,
 They love their Mountains and enjoy their ſtorms.
 No falſe deſires, no pride-created wants, 856
 Diſturb the peaceful current of their days:
 And thro' the reſtleſs ever-tortur'd Maze
 Of pleaſure, or ambition, bid it rage.
 Their rein deer form their riches. Theſe their tents,

† The North-Weſt Wind.

‡ The Wandering Scythian-Clans.

Their robes, their beds, and all their homely wealth
 Supply, their wholesome fare, and chearful cups.
 Obsequious at their call, the docile tribe
 Yield to the sled their necks, and whirl them swift
 O'er Hill and Dale, heap'd into one Expanse. 865
 Of marbled Snow, or far as eye can sweep
 With a blue Crust of Ice unbounded glaz'd.
 By dancing Meteors then, that ceaseless shake
 A waving blaze refracted o'er the Heavens,
 And vivid Moons, and Stars that keener play 870
 With doubled Luster from the radiant Waste,
 Even in the depth of Polar night, they find
 A wondrous day: enough to light the Chace,
 Or guide their daring steps to Finland-fairs.
 With'd Spring returns; and from the hazy South,
 While dim Aurora slowly moves before, 876
 The welcome Sun, just verging up at first,
 By small degrees extends the swelling Curve;
 Till seen at last for gay rejoicing months,
 Still round and round his spiral course he winds, 880
 And as he nearly dips his flaming Orb,
 Wheels up again, and reascends the Sky.
 In that glad season, from the lakes and Floods,
 Where † pure Niemi's fairy Mountains rise,
 And fring'd with roses ‡ Tenglio rolls his stream, 885

R 2

† M. de Maupertuis, in his book on the figure of the Earth,
 after having described the beautiful Lake and Mountain of
 Niemi in Lapland, says. "From this height we had occasion
 "several times to see those Vapours rise from the Lake which
 "the people of the country call Haltios, and which they deem
 "to be the guardian Spirits of the Mountains. We had been
 "frighted with stories of Bears that haunted this place, but
 "saw none. It seem'd rather a place of resort for Fairies
 "and Genii than Bears."

‡ The same Author observes. "I was surprized to see
 "upon the Banks of this River, (the Tenglio) Roses of as
 "lively a Red as any that are in our Gardens."

They draw the copious Fry. With these, at Eve,
 They cheartful loaded to their tents repair ;
 Where, all day long in useful cares employ'd,
 Their kind unblemish'd wives the fire prepare.
 Thrice happy race ! by poverty secur'd 890
 From legal plunder and rapacious power :
 In whom fell interest never yet has sown
 The seeds of vice ; whose spotless swains ne'er knew
 Injurious deed, nor, blasted by the Breath
 Of faithless love, their blooming Daughters woe. 895

STILL pressing on, beyond Tornea's Lake,
 And Hecla flaming thro' a waste of Snow,
 And farthest Greenland, to the Pole itself,
 Where failing gradual life at length goes out,
 The Muse expands her solitary flight ; 900
 And, hovering o'er the wild stupendous scene,
 Beholds new seas beneath † another Sky.
 Thron'd in his Palace of cerulean Ice,
 Here Winter holds his unrejoicing court ;
 And thro' his airy Hall the loud Misrule 905
 Of driving Tempest is for ever heard :
 Here the grim Tyrant meditates his wrath ;
 Here arms his winds with all subduing Frost ;
 Moulds his fierce Hail, and treasures up his Snows,
 With which he now oppresses half the Globe. 910

THENCE winding eastward to the Tartar's coast,
 She sweeps the howling Margin of the Main ;
 Where undissolving, from the first of time,
 Snows swell on Snows amazing to the Sky ;
 And icy Mountains, high on Mountains pil'd, 915
 Seem to the shivering Sailor from afar,
 Shapeless and white, and Atmosphere of Clouds.
 Projected huge, and horrid, o'er the Surge,
 Alps frown on Alps ; or rushing hideous down,

† The other Hemisphere.

As if old Chaos was again return'd,
 Wide-rend the deep, and shake the solid Pole.
 Ocean itself no longer can resist
 The binding fury; but, in all it's rage
 Of Tempest taken by the boundless Frost,
 Is many a fathom to the bottom chain'd, 925
 And bid to roar no more: a bleak Expanse,
 Shagg'd o'er with wavy rocks, chearless, and void
 Of every life, that from the dreary months
 Flies conscious southward. Miserable they!
 Who, here entangled in the gathering Ice, 930
 Take their last look of the descending Sun;
 While, full of death, and fierce with tenfold Frost,
 The long long night, incumbent o'er their head,
 Falls horrible. Such was the † Briton's fate, 934
 As with first prow, (what have not Britons dar'd!)
 He for the passage sought, attempted since
 So much in vain, and seeming to be shut
 By jealous Nature with eternal Bars.
 In these fell Regions, in Arzina caught,
 And to the stony deep his idle ship 940
 Immediate seal'd, he with his hapless crew,
 Each full exerted at his several task,
 Froze into Statues; to the Cordage glued
 The Sailor, and the Pilot to the helm, 944

HARD by these shores, where scarce his freezing
 Rolls the wild Oby, live the last of men; [stream,
 And, half enliven'd by the distant Sun,
 That rears and ripens man, as well as plants,
 Here human Nature wears it's rudest form.
 Deep from the piercing season sunk in Caves, 950
 Here by dull fires, and with unjoyous cheer,
 They waste the tedious gloom. Immers'd in Furs,

R 5

† Sir Hugh Willoughby, sent by Queen Elizabeth to dis-
 cover the North-East passage.

Doze the gross race. Nor sprightly jest, nor song,
 Nor tenderness they know; nor aught of life,
 Beyond the kindred Bears that stalk without. 955
 Till morn at length, her roses drooping all,
 Sheds a long twilight brightening o'er their fields,
 And calls the quiver'd Savage Chace.

WHAT cannot active Government perform,
 New-moulding man? wide-stretching from these shores
 A people savage from remotest time, 961
 A huge neglected Empire one vast Mind,
 By Heaven inspir'd, from Gothic darkness call'd.
 Immortal Peter! first of Monarchs! He
 His stubborn country tam'd, her rocks, her Fens, 965
 Her floods, her seas, her ill-submitting sons;
 And while the fierce Barbarian he subdued,
 To more exalted soul he rais'd the man.
 Ye shades of antient Heroes, ye who toil'd
 Thro' long successive ages to build up 970
 A lab'ring plan of state, behold at once
 The wonder done! behold the matchless Prince!
 Who left his native Throne, where reign'd till then
 A mighty shadow of unreal power;
 Who greatly spurn'd the slothful pomp of courts; 975
 And roaming every land, in every port,
 His Scepter laid aside, with glorious hand
 Unweary'd plying the mechanic Tool,
 Gather'd the seeds of trade, of useful arts,
 Of civil wisdom, and of martial skill. 980
 Charg'd with the stores of Europe home he goes!
 'Then cities rise amid th' illumin'd waste;
 O'er joyless deserts smiles the rural reign;
 Far-distant flood to flood is social join'd;
 Th' astonish'd Euxine hears the Baltic roar; 985
 Proud navies ride on seas that never foam'd
 With daring keel before; and armies stretch
 Each way their dazzling files, repressing here
 The frantic Alexander of the North,

And awing there stern Othman's shrinking sons. 990
 Sloth flies the land, and ignorance, and vice,
 Of old dishonour proud: it glows around,
 Taught by the Royal Hand that rous'd the whole,
 One scene of arts, of arms, of rising trade:
 For what his wisdom plann'd, and power enforc'd,
 More potent still, his great Example shew'd. 996

MUTTERING, the winds at Eve, with blunted point,
 Blow hollow-blustering from the south.—Subdu'd,
 The Frost resolves into a trickling Thaw.
 Spotted the Mountains shine; loose Sleet descends,
 And floods the country round. The rivers swell,
 Of bonds impatient. Sudden from the Hills, 1002
 O'er rocks and Woods, in broad brown Cataracts,
 A thousand, snow-fed Torrents shoot at once;
 And, where they rush, the wide-resounding plain 1005
 Is left one slimy waste. Those fullen seas,
 That wash th' ungenial Pole, will rest no more
 Beneath the Shackles of the mighty North;
 But, rousing all their waves, resistless heave
 And hark! the lengthening roar continuous runs
 Athwart the rifted deep: at once it bursts, 1011
 And piles a thousand Mountains to the Clouds.
 Ill fares the bark with trembling wretches charg'd,
 That, tost amid the floating fragments, moors
 Beneath the shelter of an icy Isle, 1015
 While night o'erwhelms the sea, and horror looks
 More horrible. Can human force endure
 Th' assembled mischiefs that besiege them round?
 Heart-gnawing hunger, fainting weariness,
 The roar of winds and waves, the crush of Ice, 1020
 Now ceasing, now renew'd with louder rage,
 And in dire Echoes bellowing round the main.
 More to embroil the deep, Leviathan
 And his unwieldy train, in dreadful sport,
 Tempest the loosen'd Brine, while thro' the gloom,
 Far, from the bleak inhospitable shore, 1026

Loading the winds, is heard the hungry Howl
 Of famish'd monsters, there awaiting wrecks.
 Yet Providence, that ever-waking Eye,
 Looks down with pity on the feeble Toil 1030
 Of mortals lost to hope, and lights them safe,
 Thro' all this dreary Labyrinth of fate.

'Tis done!—dread Winter spreads his latest glooms,
 And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year
 How dead the vegetable kingdom lies! 1035
 How dumb the tuneful! horror wide extends
 His melancholy Empire. Here, fond man!
 Behold thy pictur'd life; pass some few years,
 Thy flowering spring, thy summer's ardent strength,
 Thy sober Autumn fading into age, 1040
 And pale concluding winter comes at last,
 And shuts the scene. Ah! whither now are fled,
 Those dreams of greatness? those unsolid hopes
 Of happiness? those longings after fame?
 Those restless cares? those busy bustling days? 1045
 Those gay-spent, festive nights? those veering thoughts,
 Lost between good and ill, that shar'd thy life?
 All now are vanish'd! Virtue sole survives,
 Immortal, never-failing friend of man,
 His guide to happiness on high. And see! 1050
 'Tis come, the glorious morn! the second birth
 Of Heaven, and Earth! Awakening Nature hears
 The New creating Word, and starts to life,
 In every heighten'd form, from pain and death
 For ever free. The Great Eternal Scheme, 1055
 Involving all, and in a perfect Whole
 Uniting, as the prospect wider spreads,
 To Reason's eye refin'd clears up apace.
 Ye vainly wise! ye blind presumptuous! now,
 Confounded in the dust, adore that Power, 1060
 And wisdom oft arraign'd: see now the cause,
 Why unassuming worth in secret liv'd,
 And dy'd, neglected: why the good man's share

In life was gall and bitterness of soul :
Why the lone widow, and her Orphans pin'd, 1065
In starving solitude ; while luxury,
In palaces, lay straining her low thought,
To form unreal wants : why Heaven-born truth,
And moderation fair, wore the red marks
Of superstition's scourge : why licens'd pain, 1070
That cruel spoiler, that embosom'd foe,
Imbitter'd all our bliss. Ye good distress !
Ye noble Few ! who here unbending stand
Beneath life's pressure, yet a little while,
And what your bounded view, which only saw 1075
A little part, deem'd Evil is no more :
The storms of Wintry Time will quickly pass,
And one unbounded Spring encircle All.

T H E E N D.

A

H Y M N.

THESE, as they change, Almighty Father, these,
 Are but the varied God. The rolling year
 Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
 Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.
 Wide-flush the fields: the softening air is balm; 5
 Echo the Mountains round; the forest smiles;
 And every sense, and every heart, is joy.
 Then comes Thy glory in the Summer-months,
 With light and heat refulgent. Then Thy sun
 Shoots full perfection thro' the swelling year. 10
 And oft Thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks;
 And oft at dawn, deep Noon, or falling Eve,
 By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales.
 Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfin'd,
 And spreads a common feast for all that lives. 15
 In Winter awful Thou! with clouds and storms.
 Around Thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd,
 Majestic darkness! on the whirlwind's wing,
 Riding sublime, Thou bidst the world adore,
 And humblest Nature with Thy northern blast. 20

MYSTERIOUS round! what skill, what force divine,
 Deep-felt, in these appear! a simple train,
 Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind art,
 Such beauty and beneficence combin'd;
 Shade, unperceiv'd, so softening into shade; 25
 And all so forming an harmonious whole;
 That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.

But wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze,
 Man marks not Thee, marks not the mighty hand,
 That, ever-busy, wheels the silent Spheres ; 30
 Works in the secret deep ; shoots, steaming, thence
 The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring ;
 Flings from the Sun direct the flaming day ;
 Feeds every creature ; hurls the tempest forth ;
 And, as on Earth this grateful change revolves, 35
 With transport touches all the springs of life.

NATURE, attend ! join every living soul,
 Beneath the spacious Temple of the Sky,
 In adoration join ; and, ardent, raise
 One general song ! to Him, ye vocal gales, 40
 Breathe soft, whose Spirit in your freshness breathes :
 Oh talk of Him in solitary glooms !
 Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely-waving pine
 Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.
 And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar, 45
 Who shake th' astonish'd world, lift high to Heaven
 Th' impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
 His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills ;
 And let me catch it as I muse along.
 Ye headlong Torrents, rapid, and profound ; 50
 Ye softer floods, that lead the humid Maze
 Along the vale ; and thou, majestic main,
 A secret world of wonders in thyself,
 Sound His stupendous praise ; whose greater voice
 Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall. 55
 Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
 In mingled clouds to Him ; whose Sun exalts.
 Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints,
 Ye forests bend, ye harvests wave, to Him ;
 Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart, 60
 As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
 Ye that keep watch in Heaven, as Earth asleep
 Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
 Ye constellations, while your Angels strike,

Amid the spangled Sky, the silver Lyre. 65
 Great source of day ! best image here below
 Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
 From world to world, the vital ocean round,
 On Nature write with every beam His praise.
 The Thunder rolls : be hush'd the prostrate world ;
 While cloud to cloud returns the solemn Hymn. 71
 Bleat out afresh, ye hills ; ye mossy rocks,
 Retain the sound : the broad responsive low,
 Ye valley's, raise ; for the Great Shepherd reigns ;
 And his unsuffering Kingdom yet will come. 75
 Ye woodlands all, awake : a boundless song
 Burst from the groves ; and when the restless day,
 Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
 Sweetest of birds ! sweet Philomela, charm
 The listening shades, and teach the night His praise.
 Ye chief, for whom the whole Creation smiles ; 81
 At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,
 Crown the great Hymn ! in swarming cities vast
 Assembled men, to the deep organ join
 The long-resounding voice, oft-breaking clear, 85
 At solemn pauses, thro' the swelling base ;
 And, as each mingling flame increases each,
 In one united ardor rise to Heaven.
 Or if you rather chuse the rural shade,
 And find a fane in every sacred grove ; 90
 There let the Shepherd's flute, the Virgin's lay,
 The prompting Seraph, and the Poet's lyre,
 Still sing the God of Seasons, as they roll.
 For me, when I forget the darling Theme,
 Whether the blossom blows, the Summer-ray, 95
 Ruffles the plain, inspiring Autumn gleams ;
 Or Winter rises in the blackening East ;
 Be my tongue mute, may fancy paint no more,
 And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat !

SHOULD fate command me to the farthest Verge
 Of the green Earth, to distant barbarous climes, 101

A HYMN,

167

Rivers unknown to Song ; where first the sun
 Gilds Indian Mountains, or his setting beam
 Flames on th' Atlantic Isles ; 'tis nought to me :
 Since God is ever present, ever felt, 105
 In the void waste as in the city full ;
 And where He vital breathes there must be joy.
 When even at last the solemn hour shall come,
 And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
 I chearful will obey, there, with new pow'rs, 110
 Will rising wonders sing ; I cannot go
 Where Universal Love not smiles around,
 Sustaining all yon Orbs and all their sons,
 From seeming Evil still educing Good,
 And Better thence again, and better still, 115
 In infinite progression.—But I lose
 Myself in Him, in Light Ineffable !
 Come then, expressive silence, muse His praise.

O D E

O N T H E

DEATH of Mr. THOMSON†,

By Mr. COLLINS.

The Scene of the following Stanzas is supposed to ly
on the THAMES near RICHMOND.

I.

IN yonder grave a Druid lyes,
Where slowly winds the stealing wave !
The year's best sweets shall duteous rise
To deck its poet's sylvan grave !

II.

In yon deep bed of whisp'ring reeds
His airy ‡ harp shall now be laid ;
That he, whose heart in sorrow bleeds,
May love thro' life the soothing shade :

III.

Then maids and youths shall linger here,
And while it sounds at distance swell,
Shall sadly seem in Pity's ear
To hear the woodland pilgrim's knell.

IV.

Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore
When Thames in Summer wreaths is drest,
And oft suspend the dashing oar,
To bid his gentle spirit rest !

† Mr. Thomson died on the 27th of August, 1748.

‡ The harp of Aeolus, of which see a description in the
Castle of Indolence.

ODE ON MR. THOMSON'S DEATH.

V.

And oft as ease and health retire
To breezy lawn, or forest deep,
The friend shall view yon whitening † spire,
And 'mid the varied landscape weep.

VI.

But thou, who own'st that earthly bed,
Ah! what will every dirge avail?
Or tears, which Love and Pity shed,
That mourn beneath the gilding sail!

VII.

Yet lives there one, whose heedless eye
Shall scorn thy pale shrine glimmering near!
With him, sweet bard, may Fancy die,
And joy desert the blooming year.

VIII.

But thou, lorn stream, whose sullen tide
No sedge-crown'd sisters now attend,
Now waft me from the green hill's side,
Whose cold turf hides the buried friend!

IX.

And see, the fairy valleys fade,
Dun night has veil'd the solemn view!
Yet once again, dear parted shade,
Meek Nature's child, again adieu!

X.

The genial meads assign'd to blest
Thy life, shall mourn thy early doom,
Their hinds, and shepherd-girls shall dress,
With simple hands, thy rural tomb.

XI.

Long, long, thy stone, and pointed clay,
Shall melt the musing Briton's eyes,
O! vales, and wild woods, shall he say,
In yonder grave your Druid lies!

† Richmond Church.

THE END.



